

ALASCO:
A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS,
BY MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R. A.
Performed for the first time, at the New-York Theatre,
on Thursday evening, Dec. 16, 1824.



NEW YORK -
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1825.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: NEW YORK.

Baron Hohendahl, (Governor of a Polish Province,)	Mr. Woodhull
Count Alasco, (a young Polish Nobleman,)	- Cooper.
Solonel Walsingham, (an Englishman in the Prussian Service,)	- - - Clark.
Sturad, (a friend of Count Alasco's, and a leader of the Insurgents,)	Lee.
Malmiski	Red.
Riensi	(Polish Chiefs,) -- Rulings.
Branki	- Broad.
Swartsburg, (an Officer of Hohendahl's,)	- - Bancker.
Jerome, (Prior to the Abbey,)	- -- Foot.
Rudolpho, (the Baron's Game-keeper,)	---- Neren.
Lay Brother,	- Durn.
Guards,	Heavily, &c.
Amantha, (Walsingham's Daughter,)	Mrs. Burns.
Bertha, (her Attendant,)	Miss Brundage.
Polish Insurgents, Scouts, Attendants, &c.	

The Reader is requested to observe, that the passages in the following tragedy, which have been condemned by the Licensor,* are distinguished by inverted commas. The authority upon which they are thus pointed out, is an official copy of the play, sent by the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre to the Licensor, and returned by that officer, with his emendations marked in red ink.

* This play was excluded from the English stage by the authority of the Lord Chamberlain.

The moon cut sharp upon the forest wail
 The shadow of a man, crouching he seemed,
 And stole his cautious way, as if he knew
 The place no solitude; I darted forth,
 And at a venture ^{seiz'd} this trusty pike
 Upon the search before me, — it fell short
 When he, up-springing at the noise, flew off,
 And bounding o'er the crumbled fence, escaped me.

Mal. A spy, no doubt, of Hohendahl's.

Con. Canst thou a guess at him?

Scout. His sudden flight,

Baffling all near approach, conceal'd him from me;
 But at the moment, Rudolph cross'd my mind,
 The Baron's game-keeper.

Mal. 'Twas he, most likely.

Con. Well, let him to the Baron with his tale!

The flame has spread beyond his power to quench,
 And soon shall scorch him.
 But now, my friends and comrades, to your homes!
 And though your wrongs are throbbing at your hearts,
 Repress the impatient spirit and await
 The hour of vengeance, now so near at hand.
 "What little skill the patriot sword requires,
 "Our zeal may boast, in midnight vigils schooled
 "Those deeper tactics, well contrived to work
 "The mere machine of mercenary war,
 "We shall not need, whose hearts are in the fray—
 "Who for ourselves, our homes, our country, fight,
 "And feel in every blow, we strike for freedom,
 Bestow your weapons safe within the cave,

* *What little skill, &c* — Here our new licenser commences his operations; here the vigilant gaurdian of the pubhc weal, the judicious Dogberry of the new dramatic police, first springs the rattle of his function, and proceeds to "comprehend" such "auspicious" passages as the above, which he declares "flat burglary as ever was committed!"

And then disperse in silence.

[They place their arms within the cave, and disperse. Conrad and Malinski remain.]

Con. Now, my friend,

Our project ripens—every district round
Has answered, “Ready!” and when next we meet,
In our cave-cabinet, we fix the fate
Of Poland. Are the leaders summoned?

Mal. All.

But where’s our chief, Alasco?

It seems full time he show himself among us.

Con. You’ll find the Count Alasco at his post,
When fit occasion serves or danger calls him. *[aches,*

Mal. Why, truly, not to dwell on cramps or tooth-
Methinks some dangers hang about our heads,
In these chill midnight lurchings of revolt,
Which ’twould become his chivalry to share,
For lack of nobler peril.

Con. You sneer, Malinski,
And grow cynical; but let your wit be wise—
I am Alasco’s friend.

Mal. Why, so am I.
I trust we’re all his friends. But, to be plain,
His absence grows mysterious—’tis remarked,
And breeds distrust in our confederates.

Con. Distrust! Of whom?

Mal. Of him—of you—of me.
Once give suspicion wing—she flies at random.

Con. The strong assurance of his heart and hand,
You’ve had from me; are you disposed to question it?

Mal. No; but ’twere well, if yet some farther proof
His presence had supplied, known as he is,
By close alliance linked with Walsingham,
That haughty Briton, “who would forge for us
“*The shackles his brave countrymen have scorned.”

* In the licenser’s copy, the passage runs thus:—
“Those chains his nobler countrymen have broken

But mark me well :—by heaven, I will not brook
To deal out dark suspicions of Alasco

Con. Malinski, I perceive 'tis studied in you,
A hint of hesitation or distrust

'To hang upon the honour of my friend.

Mal. Nay, hear me, Conrad.

Con. No, I'll hear no more :

You've dared to tell me you distrust Alasco.

Mal. Dared to tell you !

Con. Yes, dared !— Another tongue
So daring had been answer'd with my sword.
If you doubt him, disband—disband at once,
And dream no more of freedom.

Mal. Come, you're hot,
Beyond the occasion here.

Con. Without his aid,
What are your hopes ? Oh have you hearts so bold,
'To look an order'd battle in the face,
With your mob militant - your half-drill'd hordes,—
'The raw materials merely of revolt,
With headlong zeal obstructing their own strength.
And scatter'd by the first rough blast of war
That rattles round their banners ?

Mal. I know Alasco's value to our cause,
As well as you, and therefore freely spoke,
Not in distrust, but jealous apprehension—'I jectures,

Con. A truce, then, with your doubts and deep con-
Nor mutiny thus in murmurs 'gainst your chief.
Alasco is our country's pride and hope—
Her best, her last resource.

I know I'm hasty when Alasco's touch'd :
He made me what I am—my mother nurs'd him ;
With more than brother's love we grew together ;
He shared with me his studies and his sports ;
And from his follower, raised me to his friend.

“On their oppressor's heads.”

Altered to the present reading, on account of the
measure

The day of trial comes, to prove us all
 If we stand firm, Alasco will not fail ;
 Let us be men, we'll find in him a hero.] *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. THE HALL OF A MONASTERY.

Enter Alasco, and the Prior Jerome.

Jer. Beware, my friend, lest youthful passions
 prompt

'Thy discontent with Walsingham—in him,
 The father's heart beats strongly, and awhile,
 May hesitate to yield an only child,
 E'en to a son like thee.

Alas. O 't wrong me not
 By such a thought, good father ! nor believe
 I hold my passions in so loose a rein
 That they should sway me in a cause like this.
 Since first in presence of her dying mother,
 'Thy sacred office sealed Aمانtha mine,
 Have I not, patient, waved a husband's clam,
 And waiting Walsingham's return, approached her,
 As some fair vestal in a hallowed shrine,
 For heavenly love reserved, and holy joy ?

Jer. Most true, my son ! thou may'st defy reproach :
 But yet, it cannot be that Walsingham
 Would fain deny thy suit.

Alas. In words, perhaps,
 He has not so expressed him, but 'tis plain,
 Whate'er the cause, he meditates refusal.
 He now looks coldly on me—cuts me short,
 When I would urge his promise, with ' well, well,
 ' Not now—some other time, we'll speak of this '
 And then, he talks at me, with studied speech,
 And pointed emphasis—declaiming loud
 Against those sentiments he takes for mine,
 'Till, chafed by his own vehemence, he swears,
 'The characters he most abhors on earth,
 Are factious fools and firebrand patriots.

Jer. It is most strange ! He cannot, sure, forget

'Thy claims upon him -- from thy earliest years,
Adopted as his son.

Why, 'twas the favourite boon he asked of heaven,
'To see his daughter triumph in thy love, .
And safe beneath the shelter of thy virtues.

Alas. Blessed be the pious foresight that secured
By holy rites, our long affianced faith !

Jer. Let us, my son, more nobly deem of Walsingham.

Full twenty years
Have told their flight, in furrows on my brow,
Since first, reluctant, I beheld my niece,
My orphan care, united to his fortunes -
A soldier, foreign to our faith and country,
E'en piety, with prejudice combined,
To wake my fears, and cloud him with suspicion .
But soon his virtues triumphed, and rebuked
The narrow bigotry of clime and sect ;
Though of an hasty and impetuous spirit,
I have ever found him open, just, and generous,
The kindest father, and the best of husbands.

Alas. But see, she comes, the angel of my fate !

Enter Amantha.

'The star that early lighted me to love,
And warmed my heart with all the beams of beauty !
But sure, some cloud has lately passed thy brow,
And left its sombre trace -- How ' tears, Amantha ?

Aman. Alas, my friend ! I have much cause for
sadness.

methinks each day a deeper gloom involves us.
Such dark forebodings hang about my heart,
That startled fancy, in the future, sees
But vague mischance, and undefined disaster.

Alas. O ! yield not to such visionary fears !
Art thou not mine beyond the reach of fate,
E'en by thy father's early sanction mine ?

Tho' now he frowns, and would withdraw his favour.

Aman. He would indeed; I fear some envious tale

Has worked suspicion in his mind against thee.
Of late, he holds close conference with Hohendahl,
An artful man, and not thy friend, Alasco.

Alas. My friend, Amantha! no, the enmity
Of knaves like him, an honest man may boast,
And take it as a tribute paid to virtue.

Jer. Beware, my son.

Aman. A dread instinctive warns me to avoid him;
My spirit shrinks at his approach, and feels
As fear of him were salutary foresight.
He now avows him seditious to my hand,
And boasts my father's sanction.

Alas. Hohendahl!
Impossible! tho' now unjust to me,
The generous soul of Walsingham would spurn
The alliance of a villain on a throne.

Aman. Then hear, my friend! and judge with
solemn air:

Last night, my father called me to his chamber;
And prefacing, as if with speech obscure,
To sound my inmost thoughts of Hohendahl,
He spoke of him, as one whose friendship claimed
High estimate, and rich return—he hoped
I had not idly pledged my heart too far,
To one unworthy of the gift, and where
A father's blessing could not follow it.
Amazed—confounded—from my trembling lips
Thy name burst forth with such warm eulogy—
Such frank avowal of unshaken love,
As proved I had nor power to change, nor will.

Alas. And would thy father urge thee to betray
me?

Aman. He is abused, my friend, and thou art
He thinks thee disaffected to the state, [slandered.
A crime, with him, including all offence
Thou knowest his rigid principles

Alas. I do.
 My country's wings have been the only string
 That ever joined between us; but in his code,
 'The soldier's spirit breathes, and all is mutiny
 That's not submission.

Jer. Do not fear, my children!
 We know that Walsingham is not unjust,
 'Tho' warm and loyal as becomes a soldier;
 'The present cloud dispersed, his generous heart
 Will recognise again Alasco's worth,
 And all be well once more.

Amen Alas! 'tis plain,
 He now has other views, and sees his incensed.
 He interdicts our farther intercourse,
 And warns me, as I prize his peace and blessing,
 To think of thee no more.

Alas. Nay then, away
 With intercession--thou art my wife, *Amantha,
 And I will instant claim thee at his hands.

Jer. My son, be not too hasty, nor forget
 Thy promise to her sainted mother, made
 Even on that altar which received thy vows.

Alas. Could I forget or violate the trust
 Reposed in me by that dear dying saint,
 I were the scorn of men.

Jer. Apply once more
 'To Walsingham, and learn his last resolve:
 If he reject thy suit, to favour Hohendahl,
 Thy promise is absolved,--demand thy wife,
 I will attest thy claim.

Alas. Be it then so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.--A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COL. WALSHINGHAM.

Enter Walsingham and Baron Hohendahl, with a paper in his hand.

Uol. Nav! my good lord! you carry this too far

'Alasco leader of a band of rebels'
Impossible!

Hoh. I have it here in proof—
Rebellion wears his livery, and looks big,
In promise of his aid—his followers
Are seen in midnight muster on our hills,
Rehearsing insurrection, and arrayed
In mimicry of war.

Wal. It cannot be!
By heaven it cannot be!—your spies deceive you.
I know the madness of the time has reached him,
And when the fit is on, like other fools,
He raves of liberty and public rights:
But he would scorn to lead the low cabals,
Of vassal discontent and vulgar turbulence.

Hoh. My good old friend! your loyal nature yields
Unwilling credence to such crimes as these;
But I have marked 'Alasco well, and found,
Beneath the mask of specious seeming, still,
The captious critic of authority:
Ready to elapsediton on the back,
And stir the very dregs, and lees of life,
'To loam upon his surface—but I see,
The subject moves you.

Wal. Yes, it does, indeed!
His father was my friend, and fellow soldier;
A braver spirit never laid his life
Upon his country's altar. At my side
He fell—his wife and son, with his last breath,
Bequeathing to my care—a sacred trust,
Of half its duties speedily entailed,
For grief soon bowed the widow to her grave—
Sole gaudian of Alasco, 'twas my pride,
To form him like his father—and indeed,
So apt, in honour and all worth he grew,
My wishes scarce kept pace with his advancement
While yet a boy, I led him to the field,
And there, such gallant spirit he displayed.

'That e'en the steady veteran in the breach,
Was startled at his daring To be brief,—
I loved him as my son, and saw with joy
His long avowed attachment to my daughter.

Hoh. Did she return his love?

Wal. He was her idol,

Even from her earliest years,—her mother too,
From pious zeal to guard her daughter's faith,
Cherished their mutual passion, and beheld
Amantha's safety in Alasco's love.
But I have resolved, my friend—the loyalty
That e'en suspicion taints, shall find with me
No favour.

Hoh. Fan Amantha is a prize
Too rich, to squander on this rash young man.
But see, he comes.

Enter Alasco.

Wal. You were our theme, Alasco.

Alas. A subject, Sir, unworthy of discussion,
If slander have not given it a zest.

Wal. Slander, Alasco!

Alas. Ay, Sir, slander's abroad,
And busy; few escape her—she can take
All shapes—and sometimes, from the blistered lips
Of gall'd authority, will pour her slurs
On all who dare dispute the claims of pride,
"Or question the high privilege of oppression."

Hoh. Your words seem pointed, Sir, and splenetic.

Alas. They're honest, my Lord, and you well understand them.

Wal. What means this heat, Alasco? Innocence
Can fear no slander, and suspects no foe.

Alas. He's on his guard, who knows his enemy,
And Innocence may safely trust her shield
Against an open foe; but who's so mailed,
That slander shall not reach him?—coward Calumny
Stabs in the dark—but I forget my purpose.

Your presence, Sir, (to *Walsingham*) represses all contention.

At some more fitting season, with your leave,
I have a suit that claims your private ear,
Add much concerns us both.

Wal. Then speak it boldly;
The baron is my friend—*perhaps, I guess
Your suit, and may at once give answer to it.

Alas. To guess my suit, yet wish it here disclosed,
Is answer unequivocal; and as such,
I take it, for the present, and retire. [Going.]

Wal. Alasco!—Count Alasco!

Alas. (returning) Sir, your pleasure?

Wal. 'Tis now methinks, some twenty years, or
more,

Since that brave man, your father, and my friend,
While life scarce fluttered on his quivering lips,
Consigned your youthful fortunes to my care.

Alas. And nobly, Sir, your generous spirit stands
Acquitted of that trust.

Wal. 'Tis well!—perhaps
I may assume, I've been Alasco's friend.

Alas. My friend!—my father!—say, my more than
father!

And let me still, with love and reverence, pay
The duty of a son.

Wal. A son of mine
Must be the soul of loyalty and honour—
A scion worthy of the stock he grafts on—
No factious moulder of imagin'd wrongs,
To sting and goad the maddening multitude,
And set the monster loose for desolation.

Alas. Is this to me?—has slander gone so far,
As dare to taint the honour of Alasco?

* In the stage copy, the following words (here omitted) occur—

“And much affects my interest, and my daughter's”

H'al. How suits it with the honour of Alasco,
 'To plot against his country's peace, and league,
 With low confederates, for a lawless purpose?
 Manoeuvring miscreants in the toms of war,
 And methodizing tumult?

Alas. Have I done this?

• *H'al.* How must it soothe thy father's hovering shade,
 To hear his name, so long to glory dear,
 Profaned and sullied in sedition's mouth,
 The countersign of turbulence and treason?

Alas. The proud repulse that suits a charge like this,
 Preferred by lips less revered, I forborn.

H'al. Are you not stained
 With foul disloyalty—a blot indelible?
 Have you not practised on the senseless rabble,
 'Till dissatisfaction breeds in every breast,
 And spawns rebellion?

Alas. No! by Heaven, not so! •
 With most unworthy patience have I borne
 My country's ruin—seen an ancient state
 Struck down by sceptres—trampled on by kings;
 And fraud and rapine registered in blood,
 As Europe's public law, e'en on th' authority
 Of thrones—this, have I seen—yes, like a slave,
 A coward, have I seen what well might burst
 The patriot's heart, and from its scabbard force
 'The feeblest sword that ever slumbered at
 A courtier's side—yet have I never stirred
 My country—never roused her sons to vengeance,
 But rather used the sway their love allowed me,
 'To calm the boiling tumult of their hearts,
 Which else had chal'd and foam'd to desperation.

Hoh. The state is much beholden to Alasco;
 And we, her humble instruments, must bow,
 And to his interference owe our safety.

Alas. "Tyrants, proud Lord, are never safe, nor
 should be;

'The ground is mined beneath them as they tread:

" Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,
 " Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,
 " Surrounded by their guards and garrisons."*

Hoh. Your patriot care, Sir, would redress all
 wrongs

'That spring from harsh restraints of law and justice.
 Your virtue prompts you to make war on tyrants,
 And like another Brutus free your country.

Alas. Why, if there were "some sland'rous tool of
 state—

" Some taunting, dull, unmanner'd deputy"—
 Some district "despot†" prompt to play the Tarquin,
 " And make his power the pander to his lust,"

By Heaven! I well could act the Roman part,
 And strike the brutal tyrant to the earth,
 Although he wore the mask of Hohendahl.

Hoh. Ha! dar'st thou thus provoke me, insolent!
 | *Draws.*

Walsingham * (*advancing between them.*)

Rash boy, forbear! My Lord, you are too hasty.

Alas. This roof is your protection from my arm.

Wal. Methinks, young man, a friend of mine might
 claim

More reverence at your hands.

Alas. Thy friend! by Heaven!

That sacred title might command my worship;

* In the new political morality of the Chamberlain's office, the expression of sentiments like these is considered a capital offence. The sagacious depository of its powers generously throws his shield over all tyrants, abstract or particular, ancient or modern, living or dead—and will not allow a whisper to their prejudice, or a supposition that they can be insecure.

† The reader will observe, that the word *despot* is no longer to be tolerated on the stage

But cover not with such a shield, his baseness ;—
His country's foe can be the friend of no man.

Wal. Alasco, this is wild and mutinous ;
An outrage, marking deep and settled spleen
To just authority : •

Alus. Authority !

Show me authority in honours garb,
And I will down upon the humblest knee
That ever homage bent to sovereign sway .

“ But shall I reverence pride, and lust, and rapine ?

“ No. When oppression stains the robe of state,

* “ But shall I reverence pride, and lust, and rapine ?”

“ Yes,” says our new Examiner, (at least, if we may judge by his eager erasure of the *negative*) This, it seems, is dangerous doctrine, even in the mouth of a Pole ; and our worthy deputy, with an anxious precaution, highly flattering to our domestic authorities, steps forward, to protect them from that loss of respect which, he conceives, must be the inevitable consequence of its adoption in this country. And is it, then, in Old England, that we are officially forbidden to utter a sentiment of indignation against “ *pride, and lust, and rapine.*” that we are no longer to be permitted, even dramatically, to imagine an abuse of power, or comment upon it ! Our tragedies henceforward, are to be all “ *couleur de rose,*” in the eye of authority : our agents of “ *pity and error*” must lower their tone, and meddle not with more dignified offences, than those of the “ *Hue and Cry,*” or the “ *Newgate Calendar.*” We may, perhaps, take a hero from the hulks, or the Old Bailey, and sustain the decorum of our stage, by the graceful introduction of petty-larceny rogues, and man-milliner immoralities. How long shall we be allowed to point a shaft at a debauchee, or throw any dramatic discredit on the revels of

"And power's a whip of scorpions in the hands
 "Of heartless knaves, to lash th' o'erburthen'd back
 "Of honest industry, the loyal blood
 "Will turn to bitterest gall, and th' o'ercharged heart
 "Explode in execration."

Hohendahl (going to the side scene.)

My servants, there!

Audacious railer! thou provokest my wrath
 Beyond forbearance.

[Two of the Baron's servants enter.]

Seize the count Alasco—

I here proclaim him rebel to the State.

Alasco (Drawing, and putting himself on his defence.)

Slaves! at your peril, venture on my sword!

Wal. My Lord! my Lord! this is my house—my castle;

You do not—cannot—mean this violation:

Beneath the sanctuary of a soldier's roof,

His direst foe is safe.

Hoh.

But not his sovereign's;

You would not screen a traitor from the law?

Wal. Nor yield a victim, Sir, to angry power:

He came in confidence, and shall depart

In safety.—Here, my honour guards him.

Hoh.

Ha!

Your loyalty, my friend, seems rather nice,

And stands upon punctilio.

Wal.

Yes, the loyalty

That is not nice, in honour and good faith,

the bacchanal, or the orgies of the gaming table?

Is this the land

"Where tyrants have been taught to reverence man," the land, on touching whose shore, (in the elegant words of Curran,) "The slave swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled!"

May serve the tool—the slave—the sycophant —
But does not suit the soldier.

Hoh. Colonel Walsingham,
My station must prescribe my duty here :—

[*To the attendants:*
Bear hence your prisoner, and await my orders.

Walsingham (Drawing and interposing.)

Ha ! touch him, ruffians, on your lives ! By Heaven !

This arm has not yet lost its vigour. Hence—

Hence, miscreants, from my presence, lest my rage

Forget that you're unworthy of my sword.

[*The Baron motions his attendants to retire.*
My Lord, this is an outrage on my honour—

[*Enter Amantha from the opposite door.*

Aman. Have I not heard my father's voice in anger ?

O ! Heaven ! what horrid contest has been here ?

Alasco ! O ! Alasco ! sure thou wouldst not—

Alas. No, not for worlds, Amantha ; calm thy fears :
E'en with my life would I defend thy father.

Walsingham (separating Alasco and Amantha—solenly.)

Alasco, like a father I have loved thee,

And hop'd a worn-out soldier might have found

Fit refuge, in the winter of his age,

Beneath thy sheltering virtues ; but no more :—

I have now beheld thee attainted of a crime,

Which blots thy fame and honour in my sight,

Beyond the blackest hue of felon trespass.

You've heard the charge, and as you may, must answer it.

As for my daughter here, 'tis fit you know,

Some fond delusions, born in happier hours,

Have passed away—you'll think of her no more.

Alas: Had conscious wrong drawn down upon my head

This solemn censure from a friend like thee,

It had been death to hear it : But, thank Heaven !

My soul in honour, as in duty clear.

Indignant triumphs o'er unjust reproach,
 And holds her seat unshaken. For this Lord—
 This minion of usurped authority,
 He knows I hold him less in fear than scorn,
 And when, and where he dares, will answer him.

Wal. Till then, 'twere well you bear in mind, though
 Walsingham

Would jealous guard the privilege of his roof,
 He harbours not disloyalty or treason.

Alas. I understand, and will not tax too far
 Your hospitality; but thus repulsed,
 Expelled your heart, and e'en your house denied me,
 I've yet an interest here, (*Turning to Amantha*) which
 I would guard,

E'en as this world's best hope.

Anan Support me, Heaven!

Wal. Urge me no more, young man, upon this
 A father's privilege has for ever barred [them:—
 Your claims upon Amantha.

Alas. Sir, your pardon.
 My claims a parent's privilege cannot bar;
 They boast the sanction of a higher power,
 And supersede the father—in the husband!

Wal. Husband!

Hob. Death to my hopes!—am I thus
 baffled!

Alas. By all the rights that sacred bonds bestow,
 Here, as my wedded wife, I claim Amantha.
 How this should be, yet leave without a stain
 Your daughter's duty, and Alasco's honour,
 She will explain, and Friar Jerome testify.
 Till then, I will not trespass on your presence,
 But in just confidence await your pleasure.

[*Exit Alasco.*

Wal. (*To Amantha*) Hast thou belied the beauty of
 thy life,

And dar'd to disobey me?

Aman

O no—never!

Never, as Heaven is witness, has this heart
Once fail'd in love or duty to my father.

Wal. Ha! beware! I cannot doubt Alasco.
'Thou art his wife!—by Heaven, thou art his wife!—
Deny it not—thy burning cheek betrays thee.

Aman. Hear me, my father!

Wal. Away! thou hast deceived me;
Thy angel mother's image in thy face
Has lost its charm, and pleads for thee in vain.

Aman. Oh! 'To that much-lov'd mother's hallow'd
shade,

I here appeal to vindicate her child.
It was her living wish—her dying will—
On her death-bed, she join'd our trembling hands—
With her last breath, bestow'd the nuptial blessing.

Wal. Beyond forgiveness blacken not thy fault.
'Thy mother!

She was my soul's sweet refuge from a world
Where I have been hardly used

Aman. Then hear, my father!
O! as you prized her virtues—lov'd her name—

With patience hear, and judge her blameless child.
'Thou wert far distant—death approach'd so near,
We look'd, aghast and breathless for the blow.
In that sad hour, when only in her fears
The mother lived—when anxious for her child,
And trembling for her safety and her faith,
She, in Alasco's tried attachment sought
A shield for both, that she might die in peace.
The cherish'd purpose of thy heart towards him
She long had known, and scrupled not, what seem'd
Anticipation merely of thy will

Wal. Most true. That thought I nourish'd in my
breast,

And, like a serpent, now it stings me there.

You may retire Amantha. Let the Friar
Be summon'd instantly—I must speak with him.

(Exit Amantha)



My Lord, this unforeseen event defeats
Our purpose.

Hoh. If it be true. But you will pardon me,
If I suspect this tale a stratagem,
Play'd off by crafty Jerome's enginery,
To bind the fair Amantha to his faith,
And aid Alasco's views.

Wal. I cannot think it.
"With all a soldier's prejudice to priests,"
I own myself subdu'd by Jerome's virtues.

Hoh. It were a wise precaution to remove
Your daughter to the castle. There secure,
(As this young man, by force or fraud, I fear,
May seek to gain possession of her person)
You may at leisure meditate, how best
To meet this exigence.

Wal. I apprehend
No danger from Alasco.
But we must sift this matter. Walsingham
Will never calmly see the blood he boasts
Thus mingled with a traitor's.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

THE RETIRED PART OF A FOREST, AT THE CLOSE OF EVENING.

Enter Alasco and Conrad.

Alas. No! to be cold in such a cause as this,
Were cowardice, my friend, and not discretion.
But what has roused them from their lethargy

Dismayed and prostrate at the foot of power,
Their hearts seem'd dead within them.

Con. Stunn'd awhile,
I grant you, by the blow; but our state quacks
Have plied them with a course of stimulants,
And so they throb again; their discipline
Has lashed us into life, and now our swords
Give sign of animation.

Alas. Armed, you say?
And eager for the field?

Con. Charged like a mine,
And ready to explode. There's not a man of them
But holds the faith, that Poland's rights depend
Upon his sword.

Alas. Your sanguine spirit, Conrad,
Always outruns the promise of events—
Provoking fortune. But why have you so long
Conceal'd their movements from me?

Con. To redeem
My credit for discretion.

Alas. That's a pledge
For which there's no redemption.

Con. Nay, not so.
I know you think me rash—impetuous—
Prompt to set sail with any wind that blows—
Unballasted, and without chart or compass;
But here I've used some caution, and observed
A more deliberate policy, to prove
The ship sea-worthy, ere my friend embark'd.

Alas. Discretion, Conrad, sits not easy on you
It is too cold a virtue for your use.
I trust, however, your ardour has not sought
In spirits sluggish and insensible,
To stir revolt, to unavailing ruin.

Con. No. Their own wrongs have raised a flame
that needs
No spark from me.

Alas. They have a cause, indeed.

Might warm the coward's blood to enterprise,
 And wake the apathy of willing slaves;
 But if they feel it not—if sunk, subdued,
 The general spirit droops, and must be spurr'd
 And goaded on to action, 'tis in vain—
 The rash attempt recoils on their own heads,
 And crushes all their hopes.

Con. Lives there a Pole
 That should not blush to wear an idle sword!
 They feel it, and their hands are on their hilts—
 Give but the word—they flash upon the foe.
 The chieftans, with Malinski at their head,
 Demand their country's freedom, and invoke
 Alasco's aid.

Alas. I like not that Malinski.
 He's a mere brawler, Conrad—one who loves
 To ring his peal loud in the public ear.
 A fellow restless—crafty—full of wiles:
 Beneath whose slimy surface you may trace
 An under current gliding—deep and dangerous.
 His life, too, sullied by debauch, too long
 Has revell'd with profligates, who scoff
 At all restraint, and let the passions loose
 In riotous excess. 'Mongst such, indeed,
 The fawning slave and factious demagogue
 Are often found; but seek not there, my friend,
 For patriot worth, nor credit private vice
 For public virtue.

Con. O! you're hard upon him:
 He has been wild indeed, and thoughtless; yet,
 We soldiers may excuse him.

Alas. Conrad, no!
 The soldier's license must not stretch so far.
 In the loose camp, and reckless hour of war,
 He cannot always move by moral rule.
 But we've no privilege to compound with crime,
 Or comrade with dishonour

Con. I confess

He's vain, and for a brave man, rather boisterous;
But yet, you'll find him fired with noble zeal.
And hearty in the cause.

Alas. Beware of him.
The factious violence of thwarted pride,
And the low spleen that vulgar natures cherish,
Against the pomps and dignities of the world,
Too oft assume the mask of patriot zeal,
And cheat us, in the garb of public virtue.

Con. My life upon their honesty and spirit!
This is no flash of thoughtless turbulence—
No sudden burst of feverish discontent,
'That in a frantic struggle raves and dies—
But a matured and well-weigh'd enterprise,
Where all is risk'd by those who all have suffer'd,
And each man feels, 'tis victory or death!

Alas. Well, then, there's hope for Poland. As for
me,
I hold my sword, my station, and my life,
But as a trust, devoted to my country;
And when she calls, I'm ready.

Con. They depend
Upon your aid and guidance.

Alas. I will not fail them, Conrad.
Since their own hearts have kindled in this cause,
They'll stand to it like men, and do their duty.
There lies our strength. "But must we shake his
chains,
'And make them rattle in his recreant ears,
'The slave is roused in vain."*

* The reader, I should think, will be at a loss to
conceive, what there is morally or politically wrong in
this sentiment, to call forth official declaration:—it
points out the folly, if not the wickedness, of stirring
up to unavailing effort, those who are not alive to the
degradation of slavery, or prepared for the blessings of
freedom: it would leave the fruit of liberty to ripen

[*A noise of fighting at a distance.*

A voice behind the scenes.

Assassins! murderers!

Alas. This way, Conrad! this way the cry approaches.

[*Alasco and Conrad draw their swords and run out.*

Col. Walsingham enters at the back scene fighting with two ruffians, masked, who nearly overpower him. Alasco and Conrad re-enter to his assistance. Alasco kills one of the assassins, and the other takes to flight.

Wal. Sir, you have nobly rescued me, and saved
A worn out soldier.

Alas. Heaven! Colonel Walsingham!

Wal. Alasco!

Alas. Alone, and in this trackless wood,
Assailed by ruffians—you are wounded, Sir.

Wal. A scratch, skin-deep—the wretch who gave
gave it, would

Have seized my sword—I foiled him, and his life
Has answered it.

Alas. What strange occurrence can
Have led to this?

Wal. I have scarcely breath to tell you.
Proceeding to the castle, as we reached
The outskirts of the forest, a loud cry
Of one in desperate peril, called for help;
We, on the instant, plunged into the wood,
And by the sound conducted, followed far,
Still baffled, and the object of our search
Receding from us; till at length, perplexed,
And doubtful of our course, we stood at fault;
When sudden, from the ambush where they lay,

by natural process, and not force it by stimulants, to
an unsound and deceitful maturity

Three ruffians, masked and muffled, rushed upon us :
 Dismayed, my dastardly attendant fled,
 And left me to the fate, which your good swords
 So timely have prevented.

Alas. O ! most fortunate !
 Thank heaven ! Amantha shared not your alarm.

Wal. She, with her escort, had passed on before ;
 Ere this, I trust, she's safe within the castle.

Alas. Amantha at the castle, did you say ?
 Amantha safe beneath the roof of Hohendahl !
 With wolves and tigers—fiends and devils safe—
 But not with Hohendahl—the thought is frenzy !
 By Heaven you have compelled her to this course ;
 Not e'en a father's prayers should have prevailed
 To such perdition. No !—

Wal. Alasco, hear me !
 For all that life is worth to age, and care,
 I am your debtor, and would spare reproaches.
 But, if I've sought the safety of my child,
 Beneath the Baron's roof, you are yourself
 The cause. Peruse this paper.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Alas. (reading) ' If you regard the safety of your
 daughter,
 ' Remove her from your house without delay ;
 ' The Count Alasco has devised a plan,
 ' To seize this night possession of her person ;
 ' He has a force prepared to effect his purpose :
 ' You may elude, but will in vain resist him.
 ' In giving you this warning, I conceive
 ' I act the friend to both, and without scruple
 ' Therefore, sign it—Conrad.'

Con. Conrad !

Alas. Confusion !
 By Heaven there's treachery here of blackest dye !
 My soul is all alarm—the monster Hohendahl
 Has hatched some horrid mischief 'gainst Amantha,
 And this device has placed her in his power

Con. Must I disclaim this baseness, and protest—
Alas, Your hand, my friend! you are above sus-
picion.

But let us view this miscreant's face more nearly.

[*They examine the assassin.*]

Con. I have seen these features,—'tis the ruffian
brow

Of Rudolph—better named, the Baron's bloodhound.

Alas. As I suspected! a most foul intent,
Combining fraud, and blood, and violation.
Unhappy father! you have placed your child,
E'en in the tiger's grasp—but let me rush
To my Amantha's rescue—on moment's now,
Hang horrors that may blast my hopes for ever.
Conduct the Colonel safely through the forest,
Then follow to the castle, with what force
Your zeal may muster to assist me there.

I fly to save, or perish to avenge her. [*Exit Alasco.*]

Wal. A sudden light has opened on my soul,
In gleams of horror—Hohendahl's a villain:
A thousand damning proofs now flash around me!
He first suggested danger to Amantha,
And urged me to remove her; nay, the wretch
Who fled, and left me to the assassin's daggers,
He sent me as an escort. Powers of mercy!
Have I betrayed my daughter to a ruffian!

Con. 'Twere prudent, Sir, to seek the nearest
Your wound still bleeds. [*succour.*]

Wal. The body's hurt is slight,
And soon repaired—but I have a deeper wound,
That's planted here—a wound that bleeds to death—
Struck to the very vitals of my peace;
Yet shall the traitor find, that some warm drops
Are left in this old heart; and they shall flow—
Flow till the very fount of life is dry,
Or else I will have vengeance for this wrong.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. AN ANTIQUATED APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE.

Enter Amantha and Bertha.

Aman. Not yet arrived! good Heaven protect my
I, fear some sad mischance— [father']

Ber. My dear young lady,
Do not thus lightly yield to causeless terrors,
Some unforeseen occurrence has delayed him.

Aman. Bertha, a thousand horrid thoughts arise
That threaten to distract me. Why am I here?
Beneath this hated roof—the roof of Hohendahl?
At such a moment, suddenly removed,
So unprepared, and even unapprized,
Or why, or whither then, that letter too;
Which seemed so strangely to disturb my father!
Whence came that letter, Bertha?

Ber. One, whose garb
Of forester seemed rather a disguise,
Desired its quick delivery to your father,
Then hastily retired.

Aman. There is in this,
A mystery that confounds me. Heavenly powers!
What must Alasco think?—how will he rave,
To find me thus delivered, as it were,
To his worst enemy;—but no—it cannot be,—
My father never would betray his child.
Hark! hark! did I not hear the tramp of horsemen?
Fly Bertha, to the gate—in pity fly,
And bless me with some tidings of my father.

[*Exit Bertha.*]

A terror sure, beyond th' occasion, thrills
Through all my frame. I feel as one imprisoned—
As hope and safety were shut out these walls.
How still again!—no stir of life relieves
The dreary sense of loneliness that sinks me.

Would Bertha were come back ! silence sleeps here,
As 'twere the death of sound, appalling more
Than uproar. Hark !—'twas my own motion startled
me.

If these apartments, since her death, disused,
The Baron's lady—hapless Elrica,
From some mysterious cause, was long immured
A woman of all excellence, 'tis said,
And as the story goes, most foully dealt by.
Here hangs her picture, and it speaks her fair ;
How my heart sinks in horror of the wretch,
Whose cruelty betrayed her !

Enter Hohendahl.

Heavens ! he's here !

Hoh. The fair Amantha honours much my roof ;
Her presence in this heart makes holiday,
And thus I pay my thanks.

(Stooping to kiss her hand.)

Aman. (withdrawing it.) Your thanks my Lord,
If thanks, indeed, be due, are misapplied ;
My father may receive, but I disclaim them.
I am here but in obedience to his will,
Against my own.

Hoh. Unkindly said ! in what
Has my presumption called for this reproof ?
To find Amantha here, a willing guest,
Were sure the last delusion, dying hope
Could frame for Hohendahl.

Aman. I pray you, pardon me :—
My thoughts are ill attuned to compliment.
Some fears disturb me for my father's safety ;
You can, perhaps, remove them, and account
For his delay.

Hoh. I look'd to have found him here ;
The precious charge,
Confided to my care, he knows is safe.

And at his leisure, follows, to reclaim it.
 Why will Amantha thus with scorn repel,
 The homage of a heart, which, at her shrine,
 Forgets all other worship?

Aman. Sir, this theme
 Was never grateful to me—you are aware
 Of that which now would make it culpable,
 For you to urge it more, or me to listen to it.

Hoh. By Heavens! I know not what should bar my
 way

To fair Amantha's favour, nor whose claim,
 Shall thus unquestioned cross me. Baron Hohendahl
 Yields no precedence, lady, in a cause,
 Where love, or honour is the prize: and he
 Might hope a patient hearing to his suit,
 E'en though unprivileged by a father's sanction.

Aman. My father, Sir, can never sanction crime,
 And would not suffer insult.

Hoh. Insult!

Aman. Yes,

Insult, my Lord! what 'twere a crime to grant,
 'Tis insult to solicit—a lover's vows
 Profane the wedded ear; and from her soul,
 The wife of Count Alasco scorns a suit,
 Which, but to hear, must taint her plighted honour.

Hoh. The wife of Count Alasco! ha! beware!
 Nor rashly tempt too far an outraged spirit.
 As you would shun perdition and despair,
 Plead not to me that title.

Aman. Not to thee!—

It is my pride—my boast—my sole possession!
 'Tis my best hope of happiness in life,
 And death alone can now deprive me of it.

Hoh. Do you not fear to rouse a tempest here?—
 To wake wild passion in a breast like mine?
 Where love is lashed to madness by disdain,
 And jealousy and vengeance rage by turns?
 By Heaven! could I believe the crafty tale,

Devised to work upon a father's weakness,
 'Twould but the more inflame my burning blood,
 And give to love the relish of revenge.

Aman. What you call love, I well believe, may
 prompt

A bad man's passions to a wicked purpose ;
 Yet think not *I* can fear your love or hate ;
 My father's honour guards me, and I feel,
 Even here, secure beneath the shield of Walsingham.

Hoh. Your father, madam, or I much mistake,
 Would use that shield against another foe :
 A different danger pressed him, when he found
 His only daughter plotting 'gainst his peace,
 And sought the refuge of my roof, to guard
 Her person, and her honour, from a traitor.

Aman. A traitor !

Hoh. Yes—a most notorious traitor !
 Who holds his life on sufferance of the law,
 Till mellowed in rebellion, he becomes
 Avowed in villany, and ripe for vengeance.

Aman. Good angels guard the life of my Alasco !
 But shall I credit this unmanly railer !
 No, 'tis slander—'tis slander, on my life !
 The wanton malice of a coward's tongue,
 To terrify a woman.

Hoh. Ha ! your zeal
 Is ardent, madam, and defies all hazards :
 Perhaps, a calmer bearing were discretion.
 I may resent these insults—yes, by Heaven !
 What hinders now, but on those scornful lips,
 That pout their high displeasure thus against me,
 I print the vengeance due to love disdained,
 And triumph o'er your minion !

Aman. Heaven defend me !
 A dreadful thought—a dart of fire has pierced me !
 Where is my father ?—tell me, where's my father ?
 This wanton outrage wakes me to a fear,
 My nature shrinks at. Oh ! you have not murdered
 him ?

But say he's safe—say you've not shed his blood !
 And I will on my knees, for blessings on you.
 But did you think he breathed upon this earth,
 You had not dared this insult to his child.

Hoh. Living or dead, a thousand fathers now
 Should not prevail, to turn me from my prey ;
 No !—you have trampled on a heart that yet
 Was never safely scorned—you are in the toils,
 And by hell's powers ! a miracle alone
 Can now redeem you from them.

Aman. Angels guard me !

Hoh. I meant a gentler prelude to my purpose ;
 But your proud taunts have fallen upon my soul,
 Like fiery drops, and blistered me to frenzy.

Aman. Monster ! what mean your horrid threats
 and gestures ?

You would not kill me ?

Hoh. No ! at least not yet—
 'Till I have closed the account of love and vengeance—
 Have paid myself with interest for my wrongs,
 And triumphed in thy arms.

Aman. Lost—lost for ever !

Hoh. Perhaps, when you grow tarnished in my sight,
 And other beauties tempt me, I may then,
 From this bad world in pity set you free,
 Or cast you, with disdain, to your Alasco.

Aman. Merciless villain !—betrayed to shame and
 ruin !

Hoh. Come, let me stop this railing, and instruct
 Those lips in gentler duties.

Aman. Ruffian, unhand me !

My cries shall raise the castle, and proclaim
 To heaven this perfidy.

*A voice seeming to proceed from an Alcove in the back
 scene.*

Forbear, forbear.

Hohendahl, (Starting.

Am I betrayed ! or, was that dreadful voice

warning from the grave!--

Voice again.

Forbear!

Hoh.

Again!

By heaven! the sound unbraces every nerve,

And chills the heart within me--Who goes there?

[Looking eagerly round, till he fires on the picture of his wife.

Can walls and things inanimate find tongues,

To startle our intents!--What! do I shake

In superstition's palsy, like a slave!

A fanatic, that's scared at his own shadow!

No!--if the devil and all his imps stood guard,

I'll rush upon my prey.

Aman.

Help, help! Oh, help!

Friar Jerome enters suddenly from a private door of the Alcorc in the back scene, and at the same instant, Alasco bursts in violently at the side door, with his sword drawn

Hoh. Hell and vengeance!--thus to be braved and baffled!--

Alasco (runs to Amantha.)

Fear not, my Amantha! your Alasco's here

Hoh. What! you would beard the lion in his den! -

Even within my castle's walls assault me!

Die, fool! in thy presumption.

[Draws a pistol from his breast, and fires at Alasco.

Aman

[Oh! my Alasco!

[Sinks fainting into a chair, supported by Jerome

Alas. Wretch! I am reserved, to punish guilt

Draw and defend yourself.

[like thine.

[They fight and the Baron is disarmed.

Take up your sword;

I scorn to press on a defenceless foe.

Hoh. strike! 'tis mercy you had found from me

Disarmed, I dare still grapple with a traitor.

Alas. Villain, defend yourself!

Hohendahl, (taking up his sword;

To your heart, then.

[They fight,—the Baron's servants, alarmed by the sound of the pistol, rush in, seize and disarm Alasco.]

Aman. (reviving.)

Where am I!—Alasco!—Heavens! do I revive,
To see you thus! save him—Oh, save my husband.

[Runs to Alasco, who catches her in his arms.]

Hoh. Tear them asunder, tho' you rend their joints,
And to the lowest dungeon, drag that traitor.

Alas. Off! off, ye ruffians!

[Breaks from them, and rushes to Amantha, but is again overpowered.]

Hoh. Slaves, drag him hence!

And rid my presence of that reverend spy,
Who lurks in holes and secret passages,
To steal upon my privacy, and betray me.

Jer. Rash man! restrain thy rage—thou knowest, I dare

Defy the frothy menace of thy power,
And will fulfil my duty.

Hoh. Duty, priest!

Jer. Proud Baron, yes!—to save a *second* victim.--
Priests are the guards of innocence and virtue,
And in that office, still, the church protects
Her ministers. Nay, chafe not idly thus;
I have a privilege here, thou dar'st not question --
Beneath this roof, till thy base usurpation,
The seat and shrine of my long honoured race,
Not one of those who tremble at thy frown, &
Would at thy bidding harm this hoary head.

Hoh. Audacious meddler!

[Noise of tumult without.]

Ha! what means this uproar?

Enter a servant hastily

Slave, what portends the ague of thy face?
Speak, or I will strike you to the earth!

Ser.

My Lord,

The guard has been surprised. The outer gate,

Jer. Courage, my child ! his virtues are his shield .
 Heaven will not let th' unjust prevail against him,
 But let us seize the means that Providence
 Now offers for thy safety ; through this door,
 A passage lies, unthought of and unguarded
 'Trust boldly to my care, and follow me
 Nay, shrink not thus —I'll answer for thy safety.

Anon. What ! fly, uncertain of Alasco's fate -
 Leave him perhaps to torture and to death !
 Oh ! never—never.—I am his wife, good father,
 And will not now desert him.

Jer. Hark ! my child !
 'The tumult draws this way—a moment more,
 'Twill be too late —E'en for Alasco's sake,

"Seem to me all the uses of this world."

Hamlet, Act 1 Scene 2.

"*Eleiza.* Oh ! God ! what have I not sacrificed
 for him."

Pizarro, Act 1. Scene 1.

"*Alonzo.* Oh ! God !"

Pizarro, Act 4. Scene 1.

"*Rolla.* Forgive me, God of truth, if I am wrong."

Pizarro, Act 4 Scene 1.

"Thou God adored!"

Oroonoko, Act 2, Scen 1.

To which might be added about a thousand other examples from our best tragedies, ancient and modern; but these above quoted may perhaps satisfy the reader, that the author of *Alasco* has indulgd in no unprecedented exclamatory impiety. He is aware, however, that the reforming rage of our new dramatic moralist, is not to be appeased by the citation of such profane authorities.

*Consult thy safety.

Aman. Urge me not in vain,
Nor think I slight thy zeal; but I'm resolved,
And will abide the storm. [*The tumult approaches.*
Jer. Alas! they're here!

*Enter Alasco, Conrad, and a party of armed peasants,
with the Baron Flohendahl, and his servants, dis-
armed, and prisoners.*

Alas. (*running to Amantha*) Heaven, my Amantha,
still extends its shield

O'er innocence and virtue. Thou art safe,
Thanks to the timely succour of my friend,
And these our brave deliverers

Aman. Oh! my Alasco,
Let us fly this roof: lead, lead me to my father.
Con (*half aside to Alasco,*) Say, shall we fire the
castle, and unhouse

This hedgehog?

Alas. Conrad no! as you regard
My honour and your own, no farther violence!
For this back-burn the burning rage and shame
Of baffled guilt confound him, and we need
No heavier vengeance, than the hell within him.
Release him, friends, and give him back the sword,
His prowess, in a nobler cause had graced.
But boldness, seconding an evil purpose,
Shows like a ruffian's daring, and at best,
Is but the coward's courage—desperation.

[*They return the Baron his sword,
which appears broken.*

Hoh. Curse on the treacherous steel that failed this
arm!

Else had not traitors triumph'd.

Alas. When next we meet,
A double retribution waits thee. "Now,
Our private injuries yield to public wrong

* The avenging sword : we strike but for our country."
 { *Exeunt Alasco, Amantha, and party, at one door, the Baron and servants at the other.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I

. MONASTERY.

Enter Walsingham, Alasco, and Amantha.

Wal. Name him no more Alasco —
 Ere this, my sword had satisfied my wrongs,
 But faint with loss of blood e'en from this scratch,
 My worn out limbs turn'd traitors to my rage,
 And left me helpless— but he shall answer me!

Aman. O! my dear father! use some caution with him.

You know, his wealth and office give him sway,
 That make him dangerous.

Wal. Dangerous, Amantha?
 Grant me patience! What! have I held my life
 On war's frail tenure—still and undismay'd,

* As this passage has been expunged with more than the ordinary rage of red ink, it is to be supposed, that private vengeance is, in the estimation of our judicious censor, a nobler motive for drawing the sword, than public wrong; and that when we strike, it should be for ourselves, and not for our country!!

In every face of danger looked on death—
 Now to be scared by this mock majesty!
 Am I so lightly held—so low in estimate,
 “* To brook dishonour from a knave in place,”
 And crouch me like a pliant underling,
 As if a thunder-cloud discharged its wrath,
 In his official trown! By Heaven, not so!
 ‘The slave shall answer me. I will avenge
 This outrage on my child.

Alas. Nay, Sir, that task
 Is mine. You know, I claim a husband’s right,
 To be Amantha’s champion.

* *To brook dishonour from a knave in place.*

The reader will, doubtless, consider the suppression of his disloyal verse, as a peculiarly happy illustration of the spirit in which the licenser has wielded his expurgatory pen through the pages of “*Alasco*.” This vigorous functionary* has taken all knaves in place under his especial patronage, wherever they are found, abroad or at home, in *posse* or in *esse*—with the tender solicitude of office, he graciously extends to them his protection against the saucy sarcasms of unplaced, unpensioned, and unprivileged bards. It is to be regretted, indeed, that this sapient personage did not live and reign in the audacious days of the *Baggar’s Opera*. With what a virtuous indignation he would have dashed his official quill through the following licentious assault on all that is moral, wise, good, and gracious in his estimation:—

“Should you censure the age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the courtiers offended should be.
 If you mention vice or bribe,
 ‘Tis so pat to all the tribe,
 Each cries ‘That was levelled at me!’”

Baggar’s Opera, Act 2 Scene

Alas. Their wrongs, my father -
Our common wrongs—" * our country's wrongs, unite
us."

'These men are rough, 'tis true, but they are honest.
We are somewhat, Sir, indebted to their prowess.

Wal. I own the service render'd to Amantha
And will requite it, when occasion serves ;
But, that they've been so prompt in such a service -
So prepared for it-- betrays some dark design,
And desperate policy.

Alas. Resentment, Sir,
" Will ripen to resistance--long oppression

* "Our country's wrongs unite us."

This must be considered as a most alarming principle !
big with the ruin of empires and subversive of that
long established maxim of political morality --"divide
et impera," which has been found so efficacious in all
ages

The worthy licenser has been, hitherto, only skir-
mishing, as it were, with the out posts of political delin-
quency. He now, however, approaches the main body
of offence. He lays about him lustily, cut-seight and left ;
and with a vigour worthy of the Knight of La Mancha,
assaults every windmill in his course. The formidable
dialogue which follows this passage, is reported to
have produced a panic in the Chamberlain's office,
quite unparalleled, since the misdeeds of Moliere, in
his *Tartuffe*, and Brooke, in his *Gustavus Vasa*,
stirred up to a similar perturbation, the terrified author-
ities of other days. To one side of the colloquy, in-
deed, the official critic is supposed to have had no par-
ticular objection, and, like the sagacious animal
reported in familiar history to have been somewhat
perplexed between opposite attractions, he hesitated
some time between his two bundles of hay ; till at
length, his loyal nature took the alarm, and " turned
the scale of fate "

* Will prompt the dullest actor in his part,
And make the slave a Brutus.

Ha! Let me be calm!

But if you would not, I should think you all
My tears suggest, use not this jargon with me
Brutus!—the name's a watchword for all reprobates
Th' assassin stabs with it on his tongue-- the dark
Conspirator invokes it in his prayers--

The rebel mouths it when he means revolt,
And quotes it as authority for treason.

Alasco! let me warn you, ere too late;--

When loyalty and honour are our guides,
We make no vain parade of Roman virtue.

Alas. "When Roman crimes prevail, methinks
'twere well."

"Should Roman virtue still be found to punish them.

"May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,

* May every Tarquin. &c.

"Friends, was not Brutus

(I mean that Brutus, who in open senate
Stabbed the first Cæsar that usurped the world)
A gallant man?"

Venice Preserved, Act 2.

There was a Brutus once, who would have brooked
Th' infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As early as a king."

Julius Cæsar, Act 1. Scene 2.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?

* * * * *

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.

Cato, Act 2. Scene 1

" And every tyrant feel one ! "

Amantha. Sir had found Lucretia's fate,
But for disloyal swords. Just powers of Heaven !
To suffer tamely injuries like these,
Were sure almost as base as to inflict them.

Wal. To suffer tamely, has not been my humour,
Count Alasco !—I feel the Baron's perfidy,
And will avenge it, as becomes a soldier.
But private injuries must be referred
To honour's high tribunal, or the laws ;
Who seeks redress by violence and outrage,
Mars his own cause, commits a public wrong,
And makes himself the offender

Alas.

Sir, what course,

Again.

" O ! could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By Heavens ! I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony "

Thus exclaimeth the bard of " Cato,"—uncensured,
—unsuppressed. The pious, moral Addison !

" Who taught us how to live ; and O' too high
The price of knowledge ! taught us how to die !

Tickell.

" Mais nous avons change tout cela ;"—according to the new code, the Muse of Tragedy must mend her manners, and speak with more respect of those dramatic bluebeards, tyrants and usurpers.

Of the younger Brutus, the author of *Alasco* has expressed his opinion in another place : but in the character of a patriot, represented as suffering from the most atrocious abuse of power that ever disgraced the records of oppression, he did not consider himself at liberty to introduce his own sentiments.

What process or of honour, or of law,
 Shall take usurped authority to task,
 And bid him answer it? "Before what bar,
 "Shall hapless wretches cite the power that grinds
 "And crushes them to earth? O! no, no, no,
 "When tyrants trample on all rights and duties,
 "And law becomes the accomplice of oppression,
 "There is but one appeal"—

Wal.

I understand you!

Your swords---your daggers, whetted for our throats!--
 What! 'sdeath, you cannot mean!--you're not so
 lost--

So past all hope distempered---answer me--
 In plain blunt speech, to suit a soldier's ear.
 I want no fine harangue---no frothy delamation--
 No strut and swell of patriot dignity?
 One word will do, to stab me to the heart,
 And tell me, you're a traitor.

Alas.

Ha! a traitor!

The word is somewhat harsh, Sir,---but from you,
 Not easily atoned for---as it is--

Wal. Young man, we know you are brave, and
 prompt in quarrel;

My blood perhaps, would not become your sword,
 But when 'tis reeking from your country's vitals,
 The patriot will not shrink from parricide.

Alas. Your justice, in a calmer moment, Sir,
 Had spared me that reproach.

Wal.

By heaven, 'tis madness!

What wrongs do you complain of?---what oppression?
 Young, rich and noble---warm in fortune's lap--
 With all her toys and rattles to amuse you--
 What grievance touches you so near---so home--
 That you must needs turn patriot in your spleen,
 And shame the blood of heroes in sedition?

Alas. Ask you my grievance?---'tis my country's
 ruin

"What! is't because I live and breathe at large--

" Can eat, drink, sleep, and move unmanacled,
 " That I should calmly view my country's wrongs !
 " * For what are we styled noble, and endowed
 " With pomp and privilege,"
 " For what, thus raised above our fellow creatures,
 " And fed like gods on incense, but to show
 " Superior worth ; pre-eminence of virtue !
 " To guard with holy zeal the people's rights,
 " And stand firm bulwarks 'gainst the tide of power,
 " When rushing to o'erwhelm them."

** For what are we styled noble, and endowed, &c.*

Although this passage may not square exactly with that "beau ideal," of patrician perfection, which our judicious deputy delights to contemplate, yet, must the author be allowed to doubt, if there can be found, in this great country, one individual, possessing the spirit, or deserving the name of a nobleman, who will declare, that he considers the qualities and duties here ascribed to that character, as inappropriate, or injurious to its just estimation.

" What can ennoble sots, or tools, or cowards ?
 " Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards !"

As far as the opinions and principles of Count Alasco are concerned, he will not, I should hope, be considered a discreditable representative of the privileged order to which he belongs, he will not I trust, be disclaimed by those who would sustain the "Corinthian capital of polished Society," in unimpaired and unimutated preservation ; by those who, inheriting the high spirit of independence which characterised the ancient Barons of England, remember, with pride, that their ancestors were the first to embody in chartered security, those principles of public right, which at this day, form the best basis for the stability of the throne, and the safety of the people.

Wal. Blast to my hopes,
And is rebellion then the benefit,
Your virtue would confer upon your country ?

Alas. * " 'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression ;
• 'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,
" And self-defence to strike at a usurper."

Wal. What blustering school-boy has supplied this
theme,

This rant, this rhapsody of dull sedition !
This is the common cant of knaves and hypocrites,
To mask in sounding phrases, monstrous crimes,
Till fools, deluded, fancy they are virtues.

Alas. This topic warms you, Sir ; I would not fail
In reverence, and respect, and therefore must
Withdraw from your displeasure

Wal. Stay, rash boy !
I have a right to speak, and you must hear me.
Some privilege, Sir, is due to an old soldier,
Who brooks not easily to see his child,
The last loved scion of a noble stock,

* 'Tis not rebellion, &c.

The author would be ashamed, indeed, if, with Englishmen, he could enter into a serious vindication of principles which are bound up and interwoven with their earliest associations ; principles to the adoption and operation of which, they are indebted for every blessing they enjoy. Great must be the degradation of our drama, when, to such a character as Count Alasco, a noble Pole, who has witnessed the desolation of his country, a tragic writer cannot give those sentiments which are suited to his station and his fate, without incurring the censure of authority ; without being considered, as committing an outrage on the interests of a people, amongst whom, the principle here asserted, are still held in such reverence, that even those who would willingly slander and suppress, are yet afraid to disavow them.

Dishonoured by alliance with a traitor.

What! start you at the name! yet shudder not
To be the thing it imports! O! 'tis squeamish in you,
And suits not with the boldness of rebellion!

Alas Reproach, when privileged, Sir, is not so keep,
But honour in a noble cause may bear it.

Wal. A noble cause! O! monstrous blasphemy!
'Tis the cause of mutiny---of mad revolt!

Convulsion---anarchy! the last resource
Of bankrupt knaves, and needy profligates!
Wretches, whom envy of all nobleness,
Transforms to fiends, and qualifies for traitors!

Alas. Your pardon, Sir,
If I forbear to plead, and in this cause,
Decline your jurisdiction;

You're not a native, Sir, nor to the soil
Deep rooted by those fibres of the heart,
That bind us to the magic circle, called
Our country---No! you cannot feel as I do.

Wal. If not a native, I am a subject here---
A soldier, faithful to his king---a citizen,
Who loves the country where he has found a home---
A father, that would guard his hearth from violence,
His child from ruin, and his age from shame.
Gods! is it come to this!--But one word more

Alasco---

I would adjure you, by the name you bear!

Alas. It once belonged to freemen.

Wal. By the blood!

The noble blood that circles in your veins!

Alas. 'Tis tinted in the bosom of a slave.

Wal. By your long line of gallant ancestors!

Alas. They rise---they rise before me, and upbraid
Their base descendant, who submits to live
In abject servitude. With grief and rage,
They look around, where once an empire stood,
And cry, with indignation, 'Where's our country?'

Wal. When you have drench'd her deep in civil
gore,
They'll find their hapless country, by her groans,
And shudder in their sepulchres. A day,
An hour of mad revolt and anarchy,
Inflicts more ills on a distracted state,
Than could a century of that settled sway,
You slander as misrule and tyranny.
Alas. "Had fear, or feeling, sway'd against redress
"Of public wrong, man never had been free;
"The thrones of tyrants had been fix'd as fate,
"And slavery seal'd the universal doom."
The heart may weep the wounds of civil strife,
But liberty can heal them.

Wal. Liberty!
By heaven! the word has been profaned so long,
It shocks an honest ear: 'tis now the cry
Of ruffians, who mean massacre and rapine;
A spell that's used to conjure up from hell,
The blackest fiends of blood and desolation.
Madman, beware! what would your folly prompt,
Your frenzy perpetrate?

Alas. I would raise up
My prostrate country—bid her breathe again—
Replace her on her pedestal of fame—
Teach her brave sons to spurn a foreign yoke—
To live with liberty, or die with honour.

Wal. Oh! my unhappy child! lost—lost *Amantha*!
But, let me steel my bosom to the task
I have now to execute. The father's heart
May break—the soldier will perform his duty.
True to my king, my honour, and my oath,
Old as I am, you'll find me in the field.
Your patriot sword may there sustain its fame,
And plunge into the loyal breast of *Walsingham*!

[*Exit Walsingham.*]

Alas. (solus.) He said that I should find him in the
field—

And he will keep his word. The thought is dreadful !
 Could I distrust my cause, or waver in it,
 This were a thing to shake me ! Powers divine !
 Shall right and wrong shift colours thus, and show
 In such discordant hues to honest optics !

Enter Jerome.

Good father, welcome ! You're disturbed !

Jer.

My son !

If you would shun destruction, go not home :
 A plan is form'd to seize you in your bed,
 To burn your ancient dwelling to the ground,
 And give a loose to pillage 'mongst your friends.

Alas. I am not wholly unprepared for this :
 The rage of Hohendahl, I thought, might prompt
 To such result.

Jer.

To return,

Were madness.

Alas. Fear it not, my friend : I'm call'd
 By matter of more moment. Yes, good Jerome !
 There's now on foot an enterprise, which leaves
 No leisure for a thought of private injury ;
 But to unfold it, were a confidence
 Ill suited to thy function. One request—

Jer. My son, I am a minister of peace—
 But I've a heart, and cannot quite forget,
 I had a country.

Alas. When we meet again,
 We shall commune more freely. To your charge,
 My reverend friend, I leave a virgin wife ;
 Suspicion has already waked her fears :
 I dare not trust me to the scrutiny
 Of love alarm'd. Should adverse fate decree
 We meet no more, restore her to her father ;
 Give her this ring—her dying mother's gift,
 And tell her, Jerome, in Alasco's heart,
 Amantha had no rival but his country !

[Exit Alasco.]

Jer. Heaven guard thy worth, "and aid a righteous cause!"
[Exit Jerome.]

SCENE II.—THE INTERIOR OF A CAVERN, WITH ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS STREWED AROUND. CONRAD, MALINSKI, BRANIKI, RIENSKI, AND SEVERAL OTHER CHIEFS OF THE INSURGENTS, IN COUNCIL, SITTING AT A RUSTIC TABLE, ON WHICH PAPERS AND WRITING MATERIALS ARE PLACED.—MALINSKI WITH A PEN IN HIS HAND, MAKING OUT A LIST OF NAMES—RIENSKI SITTING AS PRESIDENT.

Rien. Conrad, you are warm, and misconceive Malinski.

Engaged, as we are in a noble cause,
Contention now were fatal to our hopes.

Con. Then let our conduct, like our cause be noble.
I do not seek contention, gentlemen!
Nor will I turn me from an honest course,
To shun it.

Mal. Conrad, I perceive your aim;
'Tis to thwart me, that you would shield this Walsing-
He is no friend of yours. [ham;

Con. No. If he were,
And you had mark'd him on your bloody scroll,
By Heaven! my sword had soon effaced the record.

Rien. Why then, are you so forward to defend him?

Con. Because I hate hypocrisy, and scorn
The artifice that covers base revenge.
Walsingham's a brave old soldier, and deserves
A better fate, than to be thus despatched
By malice in a muster-roll of knaves.

Mal. Malice!

Con. Yes! malice. I don't wear a mask,
Nor play the patriot for my private ends.

Mal. Dare you insinuate—

Con. No, I assert.

Mal. What?

Con. That you're a knave. Malinski.

Mal. A knave!

Con. Yes, to be a knave's promotion for a fool,
And you should thank me for the title.

Mal. Gods!
Shall I bear this insolence!

[*Draws—the rest interfere to prevent him.*]

Con. Nay, let him rage—
I have a specific here for his complaint, [Draws.
That never fail'd me

Rien. Gentlemen, for shame!
And Conrad, you---the soul of all our councils!
What discontents you, that in anger thus,
You flash upon your friends?

Con. Then, to be plain,
I do not like this process we're engaged in.
I am a soldier, and in way of trade,
Have seldom been thought squeamish with my foes,
When dealing face to face, and hand to hand;
But in this cold-blood game of policy,
To play with lives like counters, and to sit
Like undertakers, measuring men for shrouds—
'Tis not a soldier's office!

Rien. These are scruples,
Fantastic honour starts in gallant minds;
'Twere weakness to indulge them.---Count Alasco!
[*They all rise.*]

Enter Alasco.

Welcome, brave chief! our sanction and our strength!
Your presence breathes new vigour in our hearts,
And winds up our intents at once to action.

Alas. Brave friends and countrymen! why late I
come
Amongst you, and so long have stood aloof,
As one who seem'd indifferent, or adverse
To the great cause that moves you, you have heard
Already from my friend. You will not doubt
My zeal, though tardy. 'Tis indeed most true.
I have not stirr'd you to this enterprise

I would not idly mouth your wrongs, nor seek
 To fire the train of fury in your hearts,
 Till injuries past sufferance, as past hope,
 Should blaze the exploding vengeance on your foes,
 And make it policy, as well as justice.
 Revolt's a desperate game, that none should play,
 Who feel they've aught to lose, which they prize more
 Than liberty.

Rien. Noble Alasco! we
 Are all resolved to die, or free our country.

Alas. O! brave alternative, and worthy heroes!
 [*They all draw their swords, and exclaim*
Alasco and our country!---liberty or death!]

Alas. Then, since your hearts are wound up to this
 pitch,

And, edged with wrongs, your unsuborned swords
 Have leap'd their scabbards thus, behold! at once
 I pledge me to your purpose.

Yet from this moment, do! here suspend
 All private functions---supersede all claims---
 All duties of my station and degree,
 Which might disturb me in this glorious course,
 And give myself up wholly to my country

Mal. We will assert our freedom, and inflict
 A signal vengeance.

(*Several voices heard*) Yes, revenge and liberty.

Alas. Then let our liberty be our revenge.—
 But now, my friends! to business, for the time
 Is critical. His late defeat, I fear,
 Has startled Hohendahl to vigilance,
 And waked him to a danger despised.
 Let each man muster all his force, and march
 In midnight silence to the appointed ground,
 Behind the Abbey Church. To-morrow's dawn
 Must see us in the field. If we surprise
 The castle, ere such succours shall arrive,
 As may defy our strength, we strike a blow,
 That sets wise speculation on our side,

And wins at once the wavering multitude.

Mal. By Heaven! we'll burn the castle to the ground,

And in its ruins bury all its inmates.

Alas. Sir! let us fight like men, in the fair field,
Strike, where our liberties demand the blow,—
But spare, where only cowards would inflict it.

Mal. We may be too magnanimous my Lord,
And in our lenity, betray our country.

Alas. Nay, do not hold that maxim! of all traitors,
The worst is he, who stains his country's cause
With cruelty; making it hideous in
The general eye, and fearful to its friends.

Con. By Mars! that touches home. *(Aside.)*
Then as our chief,

'Tis fit that you peruse this document.

(Takes up the paper and presents it to Alasco.)

Alas. What is its purport, Conrad?

Con. O! promotions!

The staff of a new corps of skeletons—
A kind of scarecrow company!—to serve
In shrouds and win'ling sheets—

Alas. (reading.) What? a proscription!—Col. Walsingham!

Con. Yes, yes! You'll find some friends upon the list

Rien. Conrad! your humour lacks discretion here.

Mal. There's not a man among us but may plead
A spirit smarting from some grievous wrong,
To justify his vengeance.

Alas. Sir, what wrong
Procured the honoured name of Walsingham,
A place on such a list!

Mal. He is an Englishman!

Alas. Yes, and his virtues well sustain a name
Long dear to freedom.

Mal. He's a heretic!

Free to our faith, our freedom, and our country.

But—he has a handsome daughter.

Alas. Sir, beware !
That lady's name is not to be profaned
By vulgar mouths, nor mingled with the sounds,
That from a ruffian's tongue would stimulate
To murder.

Mal. Murder !

Con. Never flinch, man ! no !

Alas. (looking round with indignation.) And
Have you all combined in this foul compact ?
All signed and sealed this instrument of blood ?
Are we met here, in dark conspiracy,
To club our mite of malice and revenge—
For each, with cunning cowardice to graft
His private wrongs upon the public stock,
And make the state his champion ?

Rien. Noble Alasco !
If we, through over zeal, have err'd in this,
You are our chief, and may annul our purpose !

Alas. (Tearing the paper.) Then, thus I use my
privilege !—sacred powers !
I thought I had joined me to a noble band.

Rien. And, such, we dare assert, our deeds shall
prove us

Alas. Away ! you'll crouch like slaves, or kill like
cowards—

What ! you have swords ! by Heaven ! you dare not
use them.

A sword's the brave man's weapon—you mistake
Your instruments—knives—daggers best become you !
Heavens ! am I leagued with cut throats and assassins !
With wretches who at midnight lurk in caves,
To mark their prey, and meditate their murders !
Well then ! to your office !—if you must stab,
Begin with me ;—here—here, plant all your daggers !
Much rather would I as your victim die,
Than live as your accomplice.

Rien. Spare us, my Lord !

Nor press this past endurance ; your reproof
Has sunk into our hearts, and shamed away
All passions but for freedom, and our country.

Alas. Your country's freedom ! say, your own discharge

From wholesome rule and honest industry !—
You mean immunity for blood and spoil ;—
The privilege of wild riot and revenge ;—
The liberty of lawless depredation.

Con. (advancing earnestly) O ! brave friends !
Or let me close this breach, or perish in it !
For 'tis a gap that's wide enough for ruin.
Come ! let us clear our honour, and our cause,
At once, from this foul taint ; let each man here,
Who bears a patriot's heart, draw forth his sword,
And on that hallowed cross, the soldier holds
An emblem of his faith, defence, and service,
Swear to repress all promptings of revenge,
All private interests, ends, and enmities ;
And as he hopes for honour, fame, or safety,
Seek alone, his country's weal, and freedom.

*[The Chiefs all draw their swords, kneel down,
and kiss the hilt. "]*

Rien. We swear—and as our hearts are in the oath,
So may our wishes prosper !

Alas (kneels also) Record it, Heaven !
And in a cause so just, vouchsafe thy guidance.

[They all rise.]
This solemn sanction, Conrad, reassures me.
Now, once again, I pledge me to your fortunes.
My friends, your hands !

Whate'er of comment harsh, in heat has passed,
To chafe, or wound one generous spirit here,
Your candour, Sirs, will in its cause excuse.

Rien. The fault is ours—we own it, and our swords
To-morrow shall redeem it on the foe.

Alas. Then to our work like men, who are fit for
liberty !

Force in the field as tigers for our rights,
 But when the sword is sheathed, the friends of peace,
 And firm, for law and justice. [Exeunt.]



ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A HALL IN BARON HOHENDAHL'S CASTLE.

Enter the Baron, Swartsburg, Officers and Attendants.

Hoh. To blame! you're all to blame! More zealous
 service

Had used a better speed, and pounced upon him.

Swarts. My Lord, we used all diligence, but he
 Was absent on suspicion of our purpose.

Hoh. Curse upon his caution!

By Heaven! this daring Count Alasco galls me:

Baffled---disgraced---surprised upon my post!--

Braved in the very jaws of my authority,

By a base rabble!--what boots it me I say!

Swarts. But were it not well, my Lord, to sound th'
 alarm,

And reinforce the guard?

Hoh. What wouldst thou, Swartsburg?

Are we not here,—aroused from our first sleep,

Like monks at matins, yawning on our posts,

To satisfy thy fears?

Swarts. My fears, my Lord !
 Precaution is not fear, but vigilance,
 The movements I've reported speak some danger.

Hoh. Movements !
 By Heaven ! it shames me Swartsburg that a soldier,
 Who knows the face of danger, and has braved
 Its most appalling aspect, should thus swell,
 To such a perilous shape and magnitude,
 This plough-tail tumult—this insurgency
 Of hostile boors, and mobs in martial movement :
 I know the slaves are mutinous, and love
 A riot dearly—mischief is their element,
 And plunder the sole privilege they desire ;
 But when our bull-dogs bark, they're soon sent scamp-
 ering.

Enter a Guard, in haste.
 Well, Sir ! the news !
Guard. My Lord, reports have reached
 The outer guard, that all the peasantry
 Are up in arms.

Hoh. In arms, thou slave, in arms,
 What ! flourishing their flails, and shouldering pitch-
 forks !
 Thou lookest in no small dread of those dire instru-
 ments.

Enter a second Guard.
 What ! rumours still of war !—come, Sir, your tale !
Second Guard. My Lord ! the rebel standard has
 been raised ;
 Ere dawn, th' insurgents met in multitudes,
 Behind the Abbey Church ; a scout reports,
 That they've already seized the arsenal,
 And led by Count Alasco, now in force,
 Are marching on the castle.

Hoh. Seized the arsenal !
 Why this is well !—this looks like business, Swarts-
 burg !
 Perdition catch the cowards, who could yield

To such assailants!—Sir, there's treachery here,
 As well as tumult.—Seized the arsenal, have they?
 Ring loud the alarm—call out all the guards;
 Although they come unasked, we'll forth to welcome
 them.

By Heaven! we'll lash these ragamuffins home,
 And score them such a reckoning on their backs,
 As they shall long remember o'er their cups,
 To pay for this day's frolic. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. AN OPEN COUNTRY—THE CASTLE SEEN IN THE
 DISTANCE.

*Enter Alasco, Conrad, Rienski, Braniki, and the
 other Chiefs of the Insurgents, with a body of armed
 peasants, shouting.*

(Several voices.) Alasco, and liberty—hurra!—
 hurra!

Alas. Thus far, my friends, has fortune graced our
 cause,

And given good earnest of her future favours.
 In braver hands, the arsenal might have held
 Our force at bay, and in its outset check'd
 Our gallant enterprise.

Con. They never dream'd
 That we should have the boldness to attack them;
 And when they found their error, we contrived
 To puzzle them in their plans.

Alas. Now, thank Heaven
 Each patriot hand may grasp a goodly sword,
 "And try its temper on our country's tyrants."
 Have you supplied the different corps with arms?

Con. They're all provided nobly:—we've exchanged
 Our armoury, for tools of better fashion.
 Each man has match'd him to his heart's content,

Guns, pistols, pikes, and poniards, weapons all
 So rich emboss'd in curious workmanship,
 It were almost a compliment to kill
 With such rare instruments.

Alas. An idle coxcombry!
 But thus it is, we garb in gayest trim
 The monster, War, and decorate destruction. .

Enter a Guard.

My Lord, the chief, Malinski, has betray'd
 His post, and fled.

Con. I thought 'twould come to this.

Alas. Who have shared in his defection?

Guard. Few of his own corps:
 But some marauding stragglers from the hills,
 Have join'd his flight.

Alas. I would that every knave
 He has left behind, might strip the patriot cloak,
 And follow him. Such ruffian spirits taint
 The cause of freedom. They ~~repel~~ it- friends,
 And so disfigure it by blood and violence,
 That good men start, and tremble to embrace it.
 But now, my friends, a sterner trial waits us.—
 Within you castle's walls we sleep to-night,
 Or die to-day before them. Let each man
 Preserve the order of advance, and charge,
 As if he thought his individual sword
 Could turn the scale of fate. String every heart
 To valour's highest pitch;—fight, and be free!
 This is no common conflict, set on foot,
 For hireling posts to ply the trade of war.—
 Our's is a nobler quarrel, we contend
 For what's most dear to man, wherever found—
 Free or enslaved—a savage, or a sage;—
 The very life and being of our country.—
 'Tis ours, to rescue from the oblivious grave,
 " * Where tyrants have combined to bury them."—

* The author cannot forbear to direct the attention

[A gallant race—a nation—"and her fame,—
 "To gather up the fragments of our state,
 "And in its cold, dismember'd body, breathe
 "The living soul of empire." Such a cause
 Might warm the torpid earth, put hearts in stones,
 And stir the ashes of our ancestors,
 Till from their tombs our warrior sires come forth,
 Range on our side, and cheer us on to battle.
 Strike, then, ye patriot spirits, "for your country !
 "Fight and be free!"—for liberty and Poland.

[*Exeunt.*

SCÈNE HI.—A FIELD OF BATTLE. ARMED PARTIES PASS
 OVER THE DISTANT PART OF THE STAGE.

*Amantha enters hastily, in great disorder, followed by
 Jerome.*

Jer. Return, my child ! return ! where wouldst thou
 fly ?

Madness alone, in such a fearful scene,
 Would wander thus. O ! hear, Amantha ! hear me !

Aman. Away ! away ! [*Runs out.*

J. r. My aged limbs refuse

To follow her. Good angels guard her innocence !

To what is she exposed !

Amantha enters wildly at another part of the stage.

Aman. Where !—where ! good Heaven !

O cruel, cruel father ! my Alas too !

Where shall I seek ? O ! God ! where shall I find
 them ?

of the reader to the suppressed passages of this page.
 The discriminating taste with which the poison of pa-
 triotism is detected, in seditious syllables, hemistichs,
 and half sentences, very strikingly illustrates the utility
 of a licenser of plays

They've left me—both have left me to destruction,
On mutual slaughter bent.

Jer. Patience, my child?

Aman. Urge me no more, old man—no more, I tell thee!

Alas! I'm harsh,—good father, heed me not,
But leave me to myself—I have business here.

Jer. Alas! alas! I tremble for thy wits.
Return, my child—

Our safety's in the Abbey.

Aman. Safety! Friar!

'Thou call'st it safety, to be shut secure
From all that harms the body! and, indeed,
'Tis such to thee, for thy calm spirit knows
No other dangers. I have that within,
Which scorns the body's perils; at my heart
A giant horror sits, that suffers not
Th' approach of pigmy fears.

Jer. Alas! what thought!
What dreadful thought absorbs thee so, Amantha,
That thus, with nerve unshaken, thou canst brave
Such perils as thy gentle nature else
Had shudder'd but to think on!

Aman. Such a thought,
As, were it but in action verified,
Would dash distemper'd reason from her seat,
And shut my soul from this world's peace forever!

Jer. Good heavens! what horrid image thus.

Aman. Last night!

Last night, I saw my mother in my sleep!
Instant, in breathless terror as I lay,
My mother's sainted image stood before me—
Clear as in life—so plain—so palpable—
Had I the power to move, I could have touched her.
With pale and piteous aspect she beheld me,
And laid her wither'd hand upon my heart.
O, God! the chill that shivered through my frame,
From that cold hand!

Jer. And can a dream, my child,
Have power to move you thus?

Aman. A dream! but hear!
A moment fix'd she stood, and gazed upon me,
With looks of wo and pity, past all utterance;
Then, bending forward, press'd her clammy lips
To mine. She spoke—I heard her well known voice;
But though her words seem'd whispering in my ear,
And all my soul stretch'd gasping for their purport,
I caught no sound articulate of speech.
She then, with solemn action, motioned me,
To rise and follow her;—compelled by some
Resistless impulse, I obeyed;—she led
Through lonely avenues and gloomy groves;—
O'er wild and waste;—through dismal church-yard
paths,

Where moaning winds, and muttering sounds of night,
Make up the talk of tombs.—At length, a grave,—
A yawning grave, before me, stopped our course,
And showed, half buried in its loathsome jaws,
Two desperate men, with most unhallowed rage,
Contending o'er the uncoffined corse within.

All aghast!

I turned me, shuddering, from the hideous sight,
To seek my mother's shade;—but she had vanished:
'Twas then I felt her presence, which before
Appalled me, had been now a refuge to me;—
And I seemed lost in losing it. Again,
I fearful turned to that dread spectacle;—
It was my mother's grave!—the uncoffined corse
Was her's—the furious man, O God! I saw,
In those ferocious—frantic—fiend-like men,
Who tore her sacred relics from the earth,
My father and my husband!—Powers of mercy!

Jer. Be calm, be calm, my child!—

Aman. At sight of me,
Though writhing—raging in each other's grasp,
They ceased their horrid strife, and both at once.

SCENE III

A TRAGEDY

Murder! '—give me way!—I will not be restrained—
 Save him! save him, Alasco!—Oh, mercy! mercy!—
[Runs out distracted]

Jer Almighty powers! her reason has given way.
 Heaven grant me strength to follow and preserve her
[Exit.]

SCENE IV —ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD—THE CASTLE
 APPEARING IN THE DISTANCE—SOLDIERS OF HOHENDAHLE'S
 PARTY APPEAR CROSSING THE STAGE IN FLIGHT AND CON-
 FUSION, FOLLOWED BY THE BARON, SWARTSBERG, MA-
 LINSKI, (WHO HAD DESERTED FROM THE INSURGENTS)
 AND OTHER OFFICERS

Hoh Slaves! stand your ground!—may all your
 fears confound ye!

A panic palsy shake you through your lives!

Ye souls of shreds and remnants!

Speed, Lindorf! to the castle, and command

That every man who has a limb to move,

Be mustered to our aid—You, Sir, collect

[to another officer.]

Those rascal runaways that stain the name

Of soldier. Swartsburg! I shall burst with rage!—

The cowards! "Hell's hot blisters" on the backs

They turn so basely!

Swarts

We must better estimate

Our enemy. My Lord, these clodpoles give us

Rough encounter

Hoh

By Heaven! they fight as if
 The devil himself had drilled them for the field,

And taught them all his tactics

Mal I fear we've not yet felt his utmost strength.

Perhaps 'twere wise to wait for succour, and

Withdraw within the castle.

Hoh

What! withdraw?

Retreat before the sweeping of our fields?

Who is the quaking renegade that dares

Insult us with such counsel !—our new ally !
 The loyal chief, Malinski !—you would, Sir,
 Entrench your prudent valour, and peep out
 From parapets and loopholes on the foe.

Mal. My Lord, you wrong me;—

Hoh. Caitiff ! hast thou come
 To breathe around the infection of thy fears !
 I shall observe thee well ;—by this good sword !
 If thou dost flinch, or waver in the fight,
 I'll have thee scourged, and hooted back to those,
 From whom thou fled'st, because they scorned
 thee, coward !

Mal. My Lord ! my loyalty deserves—

Hoh. Thy loyalty !—he who has been once a rebel,
 Is not less stained for being twice a traitor !

Enter an Officer.

Officer. My Lord, some skirmishers have just
 brought in [ham.
 Two prisoners;—one, 'tis said, the Lady Walsing-

Hoh. Kind fortune, thou'rt my friend !
 Conduct her to the castle instantly !
 And charge they guard her as they would their lives.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Now ! now, my soul ! will victory
 Be doubly sweet, thus seasoned by revenge !
 Let fate but bring Alasco to my sword,
 I ask no farther favour !—hark !—their trumpets !

[*Alarum*

Soldiers ! prepare to charge ; retrieve your honour !
 If you have hearts, in furious onset, urge
 Your weapons home ;—
 And drive these mongrels howling to their kennels.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE CONTINUED.—*The battle rages, trumpets sound
 and parties engaged pass over the stage. The Baron
 and Alasco appear entering at the back scene, and
 skirmish to the front.*

Hoh. I asked of fate to meet thee.

Alas. Then thou'rt gratid
Before we part, you'll find the boon is fatal.
Come on! Villain! no more!

Hoh. Yet one word more—I would not have t
die,

Till thou hast drain'd e'en to the very drops,
The cup of my revenge. Hear, and despair!—
Thy lov'd Amantha's lodged within the castle;
Prepared, like Venus, to receive her Mars,
And crown this night, my triumph o'er Alasco.

Alas. Wilt thou, just heaven! permit this viola-
tion!—

Monster abhor'd! thou hast o'ercharged my heart,
And thus the double vengeance bursts upon thee!

[*They fight—the Baron falls*]

Hoh. Furies confound thee! shalt thou thus
prevail?

Alas. Thank Heaven! once more, Amantha, th
art rescued.

Hoh. Baffled in love and vengeance!—Fiends and
devils!

Could I but close thee in this hug of death,
And disappoint thy raptures!

Alas. Bear him from the field.

Hoh. Slave, strike again!—I will not be thy pris-
soner—

E'en with this remnant of a life, I dare thee!

[*Attempts to rise, but falls again
and is borne off.*]

Alas. Shall guilt and rage, grimacing valour thus,
Profane the courage that belongs to virtue!

Now, gallant friends! press boldly on the foe.
Ere victory crown our banners, they must wave
O'er yon proud castle's walls. On, to the assault!
There is a treasure there, that fires my soul,
And to the patriot's, adds the lover's ardour.

[*Trumpets sound retreat*]

Ha ! the signal of retreat ! it cannot be !

Enter Conrad hastily.

Con. Fly ! fly, my Lord Alasco ! all is lost !
If you would live to save or serve your country,
Fly !

Alas. Such counsel's somewhat new from Conrad.
What sad reverse confounds thee ?

Con. A sudden force has poured into the field,
And swept it like a tempest. Panic struck,
E'en in the moment of our victory,
At such unlook'd-for onset, all our bands,
Broken and scatter'd, fly like frightened hares,
Before the lion, Walsingham.

Alas. What ! he !
Is Walsingham already in the field ?

Con. He leads their charge, and in his prowess,
quite
Forgets his age.

Alas. Then all is lost indeed !
I fear'd this cloud might burst upon our heads,
But not so suddenly. Disastrous chance !

Con. The foe draws near ; I fear not for myself ;
But thou art all the hope that's left for freedom,
Or for Poland.

Alas. Brave Conrad ! thou and I
Were early tutor'd in the schools of war,
And went through some hard lessons ; but to fly
Was not amongst them : shall we now begin
To practise such a part ? No, no, my friend.
There is but one resource for him whose sword
Has fail'd to free his his country---'tis---to die !

Con. To die ! --agreed---I had almost forgot
That game was on the cards.

Alas. It is, my friend,
And we will play it nobly.

Con. Then lead on !
To life or death ; Alasco gives the word,
And when or where has Conrad failed to follow him ?

Alas. Let us then boldly rush upon our fate,
Like soldiers, sword in hand. Our names shall live
With honour in the records of the brave,
"And tingle in the startled ears of tyrants."

*[As Alasco is going off, he is met by V
singham, who enters at the head of
advanced party of the victors. They
gaze each other with great emotion
they come forward to the front of
stage—Conrad escapes.]*

Wal. And is it thus we meet, unhappy boy!

Alas. We meet like men, whose fortune has
scribed

Hard duties—You, Sir, know yours.

Wal. I do—I do.

'Tis mine to strike rebellion to the earth,
Nor spare a traitor, though my heartstrings break,
'To find one in Alasco!

Alas. But for thee,
Success had stamp'd on him a different title,
And a freed people hail'd him as a hero.
Now—no matter!—this is no time for controversy.
A generous soldier will not wound with words,
When his good sword may serve him.

Wal. Mine has spilled
No blood that shames it—these are rebel drops.

[Showing his sword]
Alas. "They're tears that patriots weep when
tyrants triumph;

"For freedom shed; they blister where they fall."

Wal. O! fatal, fatal phrenzy!
Sustain me now, ye idols of my life!
My honour and my fame!—Thou shouldst have died
Alasco, in the field.

Alas. 'Twas my intent,
And may be still accomplish'd; but, perhaps,
Thy loyal zeal may deem Alasco's blood
Were on the public scaffold better shed,

In fit atonement for the crime of him
Who would have freed his country.

Wal. Cruel thought!
Thou shouldst have spared this aching heart that
image.

Let me not think, lest madness seize my brain—
Lest my enfeebled spirit swerve at last,
And tarnish in its close, a life of honour.
Rebellion has been foil'd—thy followers
Dispersed in flight, or stretch'd upon the field,
Sad victims of thy mad ambition! rue
Their folly and their crime. 'Midst such disaster,
Say, hast thou still a hope from farther contest?
Alas. My hope was for my country. 'Twas a light
That for a moment beam'd upon my soul;—
A dawn of glory!—thou hast extinguish'd it.
As for myself—I neither hope nor fear.

Wal. Surrender, then, thy sword.
Alas. Yes, with my life!
The sole condition upon which a soldier
Should require it. Nor will thy spirit shrink,
When thus Alasco calls thee to complete
The sacrifice that loyal duty claims
From Walsingham.

Wal. "God of my fathers!" What!
Wouldst thou then spill more blood?—still urge the
combat

Against this aged breast, and rush on death,
To take thy chance of parricide? Most horrible!
Well then, come on—thou hast already fix'd
A dagger here, that makes thy weapon pointless.

*Walsingham and Alasco rush towards each other, as if
with hostile intentions; when each, at the same mo-
ment, presents his breast to the sword of the other;
they pause for an instant—drop their swords, and
rush in each other's arms.*

Wal. My son! my son!

Alas. My father! O! my father!
 Forgive—forgive me, if I seem'd to urge
 Thy gallant nature thus to mortal contest!
 Death from thy hand had been received with joy,
 And deem'd a boon of kindness to Alasco.

Wal. Alasco, thou hast raised a conflict here—
 A warfare, where all griefs and agonies
 Have met, and mingled their severest pangs;
 To shake the soul of Walsingham. But 'tis past—
 The voice of honour still is strong within him—

[Turning to his soldiers]
 Brave comrades! you behold a weak old man,
 Whose worn-out spirit has but ill-sustain'd
 A trial too severe. But though o'erborne
 A moment in the struggle—though unmann'd—
 Think not the soldier can forget his duty:—
 Seize the Count Alasco!
 He's your prisoner.

Alas. Nay, hang not back—behold!
 I offer no resistance. Thus subdued,
 Alasco yields him on a father's summons;
 Else had he sought to purchase from your swords
 A death more worthy of his cause and courage.
 Think not of me, my father, nor deplore
 Thy part in this sad scene.

“The scaffold strikes no terrors to his soul,
 “Who mounts it as a martyr for his country.”

[Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A HALL IN THE ABBEY.

Jerome enters, with a letter in his hand.

Jer. These few wild words have swept away all hope :

His doom is seal'd—he dies upon the scaffold !
Dread Power ! thy will be done !—My poor Amantha !
How wilt thou bear this blow !

Enter a Lay Brother.

L. Br. A stranger asks
Admission to the Prior.

Jer. Give him entrance. [*Exit Lay Brother.*
[*Enter Conrad, disguised, but immediately discovers himself.*

Jer. Conrad !*Con.* The same.

Jer. How hast thou 'scaped, my son,
Amid the general wreck ?

Con. By flight—a means
I had not used to save a worthless life,
But for Alasco's service. You are his friend—
How fares it with him ?

Jer. As with one, whose fate
Will soon release him from all earthly cares.

*(Giving the letter.)**Jer.* Read here his sentence.

Con. Ha ! already doom'd '
Eternal Providence is this thy justice '

Jer.

Yet, my son,

Have patience.

Con.

Patience! 'tis a woman's virtue—

The cold, tame tenant of enfeebled souls—

Offspring of fear and apathy.—No, no!

This stroke at once decides me. Brave Alasco!

Thou shalt not die alone.

We've had one cradle—we shall have one grave!

I'll instant to the castle, and demand

To share his fate.

Jer.

O! rush not on destruction—

There's yet a gleam of hope. A sudden thought,

By Heaven suggested, sure has flash'd upon me;

Since thou canst thus brave death, thou wilt not shrink

From danger, to achieve thy friend's deliverance.

Con.

Show me a chance of safety for Alasco;

By Heaven! I'll snatch it from the tiger's mouth,

Or tug for it with the devil.

Jer.

Then hear, and mark me!

From the close dungeon where Alasco lies,

A secret passage leads, winding beneath

The castle's deep foundations, and beyond

Its outer walls.

Con. My soul hangs on thy words.*Jer.*

There ending in a cavern of the rock,

Whose dark recesses, peopled by all shapes

Of spectral horror—fiends and fairy tribes—

The progeny of fear and ignorance,

Have from its dreary precincts long deterr'd

All human footsteps.—Thou must surely know

The goblins's cave?

Con.

I do.

*Jer.*Darest thou explore this labyrinth, and
attempt

To free thy noble friend?

Con.

I tell thee, Friar,

A soldier is not privileged, like a priest,

To start at shadows. Thou canst name

No task of desperate peril, where my life
May be laid down with honour for Alasco,
That I can fear, or flinch from.

Jer. Then his fate
May be by Heaven averted, through thy means.
If thou canst reach his dungeon, and return
In safety with Alasco, thou shalt find,
Close by the cavern's mouth, beneath the cliff,
A boat prepared to waft you o'er the flood,
And baffle all pursuit.

Con. I will succeed,
Or perish.

Jer. Angels guide thee ! Let us retire :
I must instruct thee farther ; and provide
What may be needful for thy enterprise.
Shouldst thou (which Heaven forbid !) mistake thy
course,

Through this wild catacomb, thou'rt lost for ever.

Con. Then shall I rest in a capacious tomb,
And make the rock thy monument. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—AN APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE—AMANTHA
SEEN ON HER KNEES AT PRAYER, AT AN ALTAR IN AN
INNER CHAMBER.

Enter Walsingham and Bertha.

Bertha. Since your assurance you should see
Alasco,

She has been calm, and constant in devotion.

Wal. You may retire. *[Exit Bertha.]*

Amantha, seeing her father, rushes forward to embrace him.

Aman. My father ! Oh ! my father !

Wal. My child !

Aman. Thy tears fall on my cheek ! thou hast

No comfort for me !

Wal. Alas ! there is no hope !

Aman. No hope ! O God ! sayst thou there is no

Wal. What shall I say, my child ! [hope?

Aman. No hope ! no hope !

Art thou my father, and can'st tell me so ?

No hope for him !—hast thou so soon forgot,

That but for him, there were no hope for thee?—

And but for thee—Oh Heaven ! the maddening
thought !

That but for thee—there were no hope for those

Who now reject thy prayer, but in his mercy

Whom they doom so sternly. I rave—it cannot be !

They have not refused his life to thy entreaty ?

Wal. They have, my child.

Aman. Then thou didst feebly plead for him !—

Thy heart spoke not in his behalf—thy words—

Thy nerveless words fell frozen from thy lips.

Why did I trust to thy cold advocacy ;

Thy soul was shut against him.—Was he not

A rebel !—in thy eyes, the worst of culprits !—

Yes ! in thy heart, thine idol, loyalty,

Rules absolute, and spurns the outcast claims

Of kin, and kind, and country—earth—and heaven.

Wal. Amantha, thou hast wronged me—wrung my
heart,

And cast unkind suspicions from thy lips,

Upon my truth and honour.—But, my child !

I feel for all thy sorrows, and forgive

What thy distraction prompts. As Heaven shall
judge me !

I urged his cause with zeal and fervency ;—

Besought them, as the only boon I asked,

For my long years of peril, and late service :—

Turned suppliant, and washed my suit with tears,

For his sake, and for thine.

Aman. Didst thou my father ?

Heav'n bless the for't !—can'st thou forgive the doubt

'That misery wrung from madness?

Wal. O! thou'rt all
Of hope and joy that's left me ;—dearer, far,
Than light or life.

Aman. Thou said'st thy prayers were vain,
And they unmoved could hear thee !

Wal. They refused me ;
In terms of harsh rejection shook me off,
When I grew warm and urgent—nay, my child !
Forgot so far all reverence of my age,
My name, and service, as with coarse insolence,
(My indignation struggles in my throat)
To taunt me as the apologist of traitors !—

Aman. A cold requital of thy zeal, my father !
But thou hast offered at a Moloch shrine,—
That spares no victim—that remits no rite
Of blood and vengeance—well then ! be it so !
This world has withered on my soul for ever.—
I feel that now to live, were death indeed ;—
A living burial in a black abyss,
Where such wild phantoms of despair appal me,
As make the thick blank darkness of the tomb,
A cheerful tenement.

Wal. What purpose lurks
Beneath thy frenzied words? what means my child?

Aman. To die !

Wal. To die, Amantha !

Aman. Yes!—to die !—
To die with my Alasco.—I am his wife ;
And not e'en death shall now divorce me from him.

Wal. Thou break'st my heart !—
By Heaven ! I loved Alasco as my son ;
And now, to save him, would resign with joy,
Life's dearest objects ; give up life itself—
Yield all things but my honour.

Aman. Heaven preserve it!
It has cost thee dear !—but I reproach thee not—
'Though from thy hand, my father, fell the blow

That dashed us to the earth.

Wal. If thou hast mercy, speak not to me thus!
Thy words sink deep into my soul, and seem
To shed a curse upon my age! My child!
Thou wilt not curse thy father?

Aman. Curse thee, my father!
Hear, all ye sacred hosts of heaven! my prayer!
Bless—bless my father!—on his reverend head,
Pour this world's blessings—honour—health and joy!
Ye ministering angels, wait upon his age!
Chase from his couch the fiends of pain and care,
And let no thought of his unhappy child,
Disturb his spirit, or molest his peace

Wal. My heart's sole bliss!—unmixed with tho't of thee!

There is nor hope, nor joy, nor peace for Walsingham!
Think on thy pious mother! think, my child!
Her gentle spirit warns thee, from the tomb,
Weeps o'er thy words, and shudders at their import.

Aman. (*clasp ing her hands with emotion.*)
Mother! oh! my mother! how my heart melts
Within me at that name!—Blest saint above!
Dost thou behold thy poor—loved—lost *Amantha*!
Borne down and blasted in a storm of sorrows,
Writhing in misery—maddening in despair!
My husband—my *Alasco*, they would tear,
Relentless, from my heart—but I will hold him
In the firm grasp of death—they shall not part us!
Heaven will have mercy on a suffering wretch,
That shrinks appalled before the frowns of life,
And rushes to the refuge of the grave.

[*Exit Amantha.*]

Wal. Her desperate purpose speaks in every look,
To my distracted soul—
How my brain throbs with anguish!—one resource
I yet may try to save him. Yes!—the King
Is looked for in the camp—perchance arrived.
My Sov'reign will not slight a veteran's prayer,

Whose blood has flowed to serve him---he will hear me.

Heaven stores his mercy in the hearts of Kings,
That Power may wrest the sword from Passion's hand,
And wipe all stain of cruelty from justice. [Exit.

SCENE III.—ANOTHER APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE.

Enter Swartsburg, Malinski, and an officer

Swarts. (to the officer.) To-morrow, at first dawn,
call forth the guard!

And let the Castle bell proclaim around
Alasco's execution.

Mal. Why not now?

By Heav'n, there's danger in an hour's delay!

Swarts. 'Twere too precipitate.

Mal. Are you secure, their idol as he is,
That his mad followers may not rally still,
And rescue him? There's yet a nearer danger;
'Tis said the King has reached the neighb'ring camp
And should old Walsingham once gain his ear,
Trust me, his favour will stand good for more
Than Count Alasco's pardon.

Swarts. That resolves me;
He dies to-day. We'll put him past reprieve,
And should our haste be questioned, call it zeal,
And loyal promptitude. [Exit Swartsburg.

Mal. (solus.) I will not trust
This wavering fool---'twere well to make all sure,
Myself—beside my views upon his wife,
Alasco knows too much of me, to live,
If I can shove him from the brink he stands on:
His pardon were my sentence. [Exit.

A TRAGEDY.

SCENE IV.—A DUNGEON.—ALASCO IS DISCOVERED SLEEPING ON A BENCH, BUT ROUSED BY A PIECE OF STONE FALLING FROM THE WALL AT THE BACK OF THE PRISON. HE STARTS UP AND COMES FORWARD.

Alas. O! what a sweet delusion of the soul
Has that harsh sound dispelled! My country free
And my Amantha happy!--Again all silent.—
I've heard, that culprits cast for death, will sleep
As sound as healthful Industry---as calm
As Innocence, unruffled by a sigh.
'Tis nature's kindness to calamity;
Her cordial, to sustain the sinking wretch,
About to undergo this world's worst agony,---
A death of shame!--To me, the stroke of death,
Beyond the natural shock the spirit feels,
Would have no terrors,
"Since it has no shame"--but O! Amantha!
Thy much loved image haunts me. In this sad hour,
The heart resumes its sway---the husband feels---
The patriot's firmness shakes within his breast,
And his own sorrows supersede his country's.
Still hangs this heaviness upon my brow!
Let me indulge it.---Thou, perhaps, kind sleep!
May'st bless me with that vision once again:
And thus, death's image yield one shadowy joy,
Ere death himself shall close the scene for ever.

[*Lies down.*]

[*A large stone in the back wall of the dungeon appears to slide from its place, and discovers an opening, through which Conrad, with a dark lantern in his hand, is seen cautiously ascending. Malinski, at the same moment, enters from the door of the prison, with a dagger in his hand, and silently advances. Conrad has just time to conceal himself behind one of the projecting supports of the dungeon---Malinski observes Alasco to be asleep.*]

Mal. He sleeps; my task is easier than I thought.
 And safer too; I now can, at a stroke,
 Despatch him without struggle. Walsingham,
 Is gone to stir his interest with the King—
 And may be looked for soon---this---this must baffle
 him. *[Holding up the dagger.]*

[Malinski advances to stab Alasco, and as he raises his arm for the blow, Conrad rushes upon him from behind---wrests the dagger from him, and dashes it on the ground.]

Con. Murderous villain! hold!

Mal. Lightnings blast thee! Conrad!

Con. Monster! draw thy sword,
 Nor die the abject coward thou hast lived.

[Conrad and Malinski fight---the latter is killed, and falls behind one of the projecting supports of the dungeon.---Alasco, who has started from his sleep at the noise, now rushes on Conrad, who has hitherto stood with his back to him.]

Alas. What desperate wretch art thou? athirst for blood!

Ev'n in the den of Death? ha! am I awake!

What! Conrad! thee!--blessed Heaven! do I once
 more

Behold my friend!

Con. My ever honoured master!

Alas. My friend! my faithful friend! well hast thou
 earned

That title! but say how---or wherefore here?
 And why this deadly conflict with Malinski?

Con. The ruffian would have stabbed thee in thy
 sleep!

But now the hour's too precious to explain;—
 This opening, through a secret passage, leads
 To life and liberty.

Alas. Conrad! the die is cast!

Con. A moments pause

May baffle all our hopes.

Alas. My hopes, alas!
Are buried with my country's—I have turned
round,
To look on every aspect of this world,
And all is darkness. I would leave a scene,
Where virtue, hoodwinked, cannot see her way;—
Where she mistakes her ends and instruments;—
By her own scruples mars her best intents,
And on the web of Fortune, works out ruin.

Con. Wilt thou not fly from death?—a death like
this!

A public show!—exposed upon a scaffold!

Alas. There was a time, when I had shrunk like
thee,

From such an end;—to shun it, would, I fear,
Have rushed on self-destruction—that false pride
Reflection puffed away with other follies.

“When heroes fall—when sages feel the axe,—
“And martyrs die, for faith, or liberty,”

Then, my friend!

“The blood-stained board becomes a glorious stage,

“Whereon to act the noblest part of man,

“An honest patriot suffering for his country!

“I owe this great example to my age;—

“My death may serve the cause my life has failed in.”

Con. By Heaven!—thy life is now our only hope;

And 'tis a sacred duty to preserve it.

In other realms we may remain secure,

Till better days recall us.

Alas. No, no, Conrad!

I will not live an outcast from my country;

To wander like a vagabond on earth,

Bearing the stamp of treason on my brow,

By failure fixed—a brand more fatal than

The bloody mark on the first murderer, Cain!—

O! give me death in his worst shape of horror,

Or, buried deep in dungeons, let me share

The felon's fate! rather than I should live

To be that helpless—homeless—hopeless wretch,
 An exiled patriot. See him pining still!
 Heartsick and sore,—the shadow of himself!
 A supplicant to every tool of power,
 For what the beggar boasts of!—leave to roam
 In reckless vagrancy; where'er he moves,
 'The common hunt for the whole pack of knaves!
 Suspicion's football! kick'd from clime to clime!
 Abroad an alien, and at home, an outlaw.

Con. By Heaven! I would not damn to such a fate
 The bitterest foe that e'er betray'd a soldier!
 But thou hast fame abroad—thy worth is known:—
 We shall find friends and succour.

Alas. Succour! yes!
 "Some wily tyrant, plotting his own ends,
 "May proffer aid, and use us as the tools
 "Of his ambition;—play us like puppets
 "In the vile farce of state; till, having worked
 "Our weakness to his purpose, he unmasks,
 "Rifles, himself, the rights he came to guard.
 "Or basely panders for some other spoiler."
 Never, O never! shall this hand direct
 A foreign sword against my country's breast.
 "No! if a people will not free themselves,
 "It proves that they're unworthy to be free."

Con. What shall I urge to shake thy fatal firmness
 Think of thy beauteous wife—thy loved *Amantha*!
 Live—live for her.

Alas. Oh! thou hast touched a chord,
 That wakes my soul to agony!—did I need
 A motive now to die—thou hast supplied it.
 Yes! loved *Amantha*! 'tis our lot to part—
 I will relieve thee from a chain, that now
 Would drag thee down to want and wretchedness,
 And make thee sharer of an outcast's fortunes!

Con. Save her the misery of the scene that waits
 The horror of thy death. [thee—

Alas

My life were now

Her worst calamity—shall I, ye powers !
 Shall I degrade her from her caste and station,
 To grovel it with an exile !
 By Heaven ! the thought is madness !—
 Urge me no more—seek thy own safety, Conrad ;
 I am resolved.

Con. Then so am I !— 'twas not
 To seek my safety I came here.

Alas. My friend !
 My generous friend ! forgive a petulance
 My heart disowns.

Con. I've never flinch'd from death,
 When all life's joys were fluttering in my grasp ;
 Nor will I now cry quarter—I should indeed ;
 Have better liked to meet him in the field ;—
 The block's an awkward pillow for a soldier !
 But we shall sleep together---that will smooth it.

Alas. Conrad, what mean thy words ?—waste not
 Thy moments, but away ! [on me

Con. Thou wert---thou wert
 The brother of my cradle '---that my life
 Has not been yoked to abject want and toil,
 I owe to thee,---with every good and grace
 'That flows from princely favour :---and though thought-
 Rash, and too oft ungrateful to thy bounty, [less.
 This heart has known no pride but in thy fortunes.

Alas. My first---best friend !---the brother of my
 'Torture me not with such a strain as this. [choice !

Con. But if the dream must end,
 E'en let the hangman wake me !

Alas. Would'st thou prove
 Thy friendship, Conrad, in an hour like this,
 I charge thee, fly, and leave me to my fate.

Con. Then, as I hope Heaven's mercy on my soul !
 We fly, or fall, together---live or die !
 All words are vain,---no power of prayer shall move
 Not e'en thy imprecations on my head, [me ;
 Shall force me from my dying friend and master

Alas. O! cruel conflict!--shall he perish thus?
A victim for my sake!--by Heaven! I hear
The sound of footsteps---a moment, and he dies!--
Conrad! thou hast conquered---lead me where thou
wilt.

Con. Saving thee,
There's yet a hope for liberty and Poland!
[*Conrad enters the secret passage---Alasco prepares to follow him; when half within it, he starts, on hearing Amantha's voice at the prison door.*

Alas. Hark!
[*Conrad endeavours to draw him into the passage.*
Aman. (without.) Sir, I claim to see the Count
Alasco.

Alas. It is her voice---by Heaven! it is her voice!
Hold off!--away!--to save a thousand lives,
I would not lose this moment with Amantha.
[*Breaks from Conrad, who closes the entrance, excluding himself from the dungeon.*

Amantha enters, attended by an officer.

Aman. Sir, I am his wife---our sorrows need no witness.

Officer. Madam, I dare not leave you with the prisoner;
But I will so recede as not to offend you.
[*He retires behind one of the projections of the dungeon.*

Alas. My wife!--my angel wife!
[*They rush into each others arms.*

Aman. Alas! my husband!

Alas. Still let me clasp thee to this throbbing heart,
And breathe my soul in sighs and blessings on thee!

Aman. O misery, mixed of transport and despair!
And must we part? for ever---ever part?
Is this the end of such a life as thine!--
Of such a love as ours? But I shall soon
Rejoin thee---in the grave!

Alas. At what a price, my country ! have I sought
To serve thy cause !

Aman. Forgive thee ! " God of truth !" I we
most base—

Unworthy of thy love—could I complain
That thou hast loved thy country. No ; though lost-
In thy disaster wreck'd, with all our hopes,
I blame thee not ; for sure the cause was good
That claim'd Alasco's sword.

Alas. The best that man
Can live or die to serve.

Aman. O ! had our lot been fixed in calmer times,
Or placed in scenes where no rude broils invade
Life's tranquil course---where hearts might love a
peace,

And homes be happy !

Alas. This world's a scene
Where man's the sport of chance, and fortune plays
Cross-purposes with virtue. Blindly judged,
Our noblest actions hang on their events,
In doubtful equipoise 'twixt fame and infamy.
E'en in thy eyes, if I am not now a traitor,
It is thy love acquits me, my Amantha !

Aman. O ! thou art all my soul conceives of virtue.
I judged not questions foreign to my sex.

But still my heart
Took part with my Alasco ; when he spoke,
Not e'en a father's influence could prevail,
Though oft in wrath he warn'd me of thy ruin.

Alas. He has himself fulfilled his own prediction.

Aman. O ! cruel truth ! But curse him not, Alasco.

Alas. Curse him ! Amantha ! Heaven so deal with
me,

As I forgive and hold him in all reverence.
What he thought duty he has bravely done.

Aman. Generous spirit !

He trusted to his credit for thy safety ;
E'en now he sues his sovereign in thy cause,

And my heart tells me, there is yet a hope.

“Oh! God!” what means that bell? that dreadful bell?
[*The castle bell tolls.*]

Alas. Why trembles my Amantha? 'Tis but the clock

That strikes thy feverish ear, and seems more solemn,
Only as more mark'd.

Aman. I—hope so— [Bell again.
Ha! again!

It is the tongue of death, that strikes upon
My heart, announcing murder---misery---madness!

Oh! dismal---dismal sound!---I gasp with fear
[*Bell tolls again.*

And horror.

Swarts. (*speaking without.*) Guard, bring forth the prisoner.

Aman. Oh!

Alas. Now, now, be firm, twin spirit of my soul!
[*Enter two of the guard---the first, on seeing Amantha, hesitates, and addresses Alasco.*

Guard. My Lord—

Alas. (*waving his hand.*) I understand---'tis somewhat sudden—

Aman. Oh! my poor husband!

Alas. But I'm ready.

Aman. Ready!

What! for the slaughter! merciless monsters! no!
Thou shalt not go, Alasco—while I have life,
Thou shalt not! Sir!---some dire mistake---my father—
'Tis not---'tis not yet time---burst---burst, my heart,
Or give my anguish utterance!

[*The guards advance to seize Alasco.*
Barbarians, hold!

Hold off your cruel hands! Oh! drag him not
To death, with such inhuman haste, nor dash
The cup of mercy from him!

Swarts. (*entering.*) Who is it dares,

Presumptuous, to obstruct the course of justice?

Madam, give way!

[*Swartsburg attempts to remove Amantha---Alasco breaks from the guards, and throws him off, with violence.*

Alas.

Ruffian! know your distance;
Plant here your fangs, but dare not to profane
The angel form of innocence in sorrow!

Swarts. Insolent traitor!—But my sword shall not
Anticipate the scaffold—Drag him hence!

Aman. O! as you hope for mercy in that hour,
When all who are merciless shall plead in vain,
Grant some small respite---on my knees I beg—
But one short hour of grace!—We yet have hopes—
Oh! blast them not---but think the fatal stroke
Is murder, when it intercepts a pardon.

Swarts. Pardon! by Heaven! the word has spurred
my vengeance—

Off with him instantly!

Aman.

Inhuman wretch!
On me too glut thy rage---You shall not part us!
Tear limb from limb---I will not quit my husband.
Alasco!—my Alasco!—hold me—hold me fast!—
“Oh! God of mercy!”—Murder! oh! my husband!
[*They drag him off, Amantha clinging to him till he is forced from her, and she sinks senseless to the ground.*

[*Exeunt Swartsburg and guards, with Alasco.*
[*Conrad cautiously draws back the stone which conceals the secret passage, and looking round anxiously, enters the dungeon.*

Con. Again all still.—Alasco! Count Alasco!

I!a! he answers not; (*advancing.*) my heart misgives
me.

Oh! Heaven! Amantha stretched upon the earth,
And her Alasco gone! then all is over!
The sounds I heard were faithful to their purport.
Poor child of sorrow, that dost look in death,

As one that sleeps!--I envy thee.--She stirs--
She breathes again!

[*Amantha, reviving, raises herself a little from the ground.*]

Aman. I have had another dream,
More dreadful than before. Ha! where am I!
Awake? Oh! God! there is no delusion here--
This is substantial horror!

Con. Better far,
Thou hadst not waked, sweet lady, in this world!

Aman. (*starts, on seeing Conrad.*) Art thou a
murderer? fix thy dagger here!
'Twill be a stroke of mercy, and atone
For darker deeds. For pity's sake, one blow!
One blow dealt here, on this hot, throbbing brow!
To free the pent up agony within,
And let it flame to frenzy!

Con. She unmans me!
Alas! alas! then dost thou not know Conrad?

Aman. Ha! Conrad!--know thee! yes--he loved
thee well--

Canst thou too live, like me, altho' we've lost him?
Ye heavens!--sure hearts grow hard. Oh, Conrad,
Conrad!

They've torn him from my arms--thy friend--thy
master!--

Gone--gone for ever!

Con. 'Tis vain to tug with fate;
A moment more had saved him.

Aman. Saved him!
Con. Yes!

By Jerome's means, I traced yon secret passage
To the prison--found here my unhappy friend--
And from his noble spirit wrung, at last,
His slow consent to fly--when--O! sad chance!
E'en on the verge of freedom--half within
Th' assylum of his safety--he heard thy voice--
Rushed back resistless from my eager grasp,
And--

Aman. Perished for his love to his Amantha !
 I've murdered him !---'tis I---'tis I have murdered him !
 Oh ! misery, misery !---was there need of this !
 Of this last blow to crush me !---
 Crawls there a wretch upon this suffering earth,
 So lost---so cursed as I am !

[A shout is heard from without.]

Hark !---that shout !---
 The fatal blow is struck !---“ Oh God ! oh God !
 I see the ghastly visage held aloft !
 It smiles on poor Amantha---'tho she killed him !
 A moment's breath ! *[Looking eagerly around.]*
 Are there no means !
[Seeing Malinski's dagger.]
 Kind chance !

The best !---

[Snatching up the dagger.]

Thus, thus, Alasco ! I avenge
 And follow thee !
[Stabs herself, and falls into the arms of Conrad.]
Con. O ! fatal---fatal rashness !

[A shout is heard, and rush of footsteps.]
Enter Walsingham, Alasco, Jerome, Officers, and
guards.

Wal. Where is my child ?---rejoice for thy Alasco !
 Pardon for him, and amnesty to all !

[Amantha starts from Conrad's arms, drops on her
knee, clasps her hands, and exclaims]

Aman. Thanks !---thanks !---kind heaven ! thou'st
 left me life to hear it !

Alas. Oh ! my lov'd Amantha !---ha ! pale---quite
 pale---

And blood upon thy breast---Oh ! deed of horror !

Wal. O ! my forboding fears !---my child, my child !

Alas. Speak, Conrad !---speak---although you blast
 me.

Aman. Alas !
 I've been too hasty---take me, loved Alasco !

In thy dear arms---I yet have strength to bear
One last embrace---my husband!---how I have loved
thee,

Let this sad moment prove!--

Alas.

My hapless wife!--

Aman. Now lay me gently down:---to see thee
dragged

To slaughter, was too much for poor Amantha.

Almighty Being! O! pardon, that I rush

Unbidden thus before thee!--Cruel fate!

A cruel fate has followed us, and marked

At last its victim. Where is my poor father?

Wal. Sweet sufferer! here.

Aman.

Thy hand---thy hand, my father!

[*She joins his hand to Alasco's.*]

Thine too, my husband---for my sake, live friends!

Forget these horrid broils---that make sad hearts!

And, oh! Alasco! let thy love sustain

The good old man---thro' this hard trial---Oh!

I sink---I sink---how all things fade!--what light!

Ha!--my mother!--thou art come for thy poor child.

Quick, quick, Alasco!--she waits---we must away--

Oh! oh! my husband!--

[*Dies.*]

Wal.

My child!--my child!--

Oh! wretched father! desolate old man!--

Yield---yield thee, Walsingham!--

Thy honour's all that's left thee!

[*Falls into the arms of the attendants.*]

Ser.

This sad scene

O'erwhelms him---haste and bear him to the air.

[*Walsingham is borne off.*]

Alas. (who had remained gazing on the body of

Amantha.) And art thou dead, Amantha!

dead---quite dead!

Oh! gentle spirit!--sweet victim of thy love!--

Hast thou then bled for me!--for me!--I'm now

Absolv'd all duties---loosed from every tie--

As free, as misery and despair can make me!

!

This is the bloody point that searched thy heart—

[*taking up the dagger*.]
The truest—tenderest heart!—no words—no words!—
There are no words!—no tears,—for woes like mine.
Let me then weep in blood!

[*Attempts to stab himself—Jerome and Conrad prevent him—Conrad seizing his arm.*]

Con.

O! noble friend!

Forbear, or first strike here—

Jer.

Heaven shield my son!

Alas. (*breaking from Conrad, and holding up the dagger.*) As you regard your lives, molest me not!—

For I'm a desperate man, that frenzy grapples with.

Think you, the dagger and the bowl removed,

With every mortal means the wretch resorts to,

That you can prison life in this frail mansion!

Oh! no—no, no!—

There is a point at which the heart will break,

And I have reached it!—yes, this friendly steel

But saves some useless pangs.—Had she—there cold;

Had she remained to bless me—for her sake,

I might have lived—and writhed through some sad
years,

A pardoned slave!—"in shackles, with my country."

But now!—

Life's load were insupportable to sense.

Thus, then, I shake the loathsome burden off,

And fly to my Amantha!—

[*Stabs himself, and falls on the body of Amantha.*]



INKLE AND YARICO: AN OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Correctly given, as performed at the Theatres Royal.

WITH REMARKS.



NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES WELCH, NO. 3 WALL STREET, AND BY
CARLIN, & LEE, AND M'CARTY & DAVIS, PHILADELPHIA.
AND SAMUEL HARPER, BOSTON.

REMARKS.

THE great success of this opera in every theatre of the kingdom, since its first representation at the Haymarket, is justified by its real merit. The dialogue is not a collection of trite common-places, to connect the music; but is replete with taste, judgment, and manly feeling:—the allusions to slavery (now so nobly abolished) correspond with every British, every liberal, mind. The mal-a-propos offer of Inkle to sell his Yarico to Sir Christopher, is an admirable incident; and indeed all the characters are so forcibly drawn, that the most trifling part is effective.

The pathetic story of Inkle and Yarico first attracted sympathy, from the narrative of Mr. Addison, in the Spectator: to that affecting story, Mr. Colman was indebted only for the cold, calculating, Inkle; and the gentle, affectionate Yarico:—the rest of the characters and the development of the story are the offspring of his abundant invention.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Covent Garden.	Hay Market.
Inkle	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. J. Bannister.
Sir Christopher Curry	Quick.	Parsons.
Campley	Davies.	Davies.
Medium	Wewitzer.	Baddeley.
Trudge	Edwin.	Edwin.
Mate	Darley.	Meadows.
Yarico	Mrs. Billington.	Mrs. Kemble.
Narcissa	Mountain.	Bannister.
Wowski	Martyr.	Miss George.
Patty	Rock	Mrs. Forster.

SCENE.—*First, on the Main of America; afterwards, in Barbadoes.*

INKLE AND YARICO.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

AN AMERICAN FOREST.

Med. (*without.*) Hilli ho! ho!

Trudge. (*without.*) Hip! hollo! ho!—Hip!—

Enter Medium and Trudge.

Med. Pshaw! its only wasting time and breath. Bawling won't persuade him to budge a bit faster. Things are all altered now; and, whatever weight it may have in some places, bawling, it seems, don't go for argument here. Plague on't! we are now in the wilds of America.

Trudge. Hip, hillio— ho—hi!—

Med. Hold your tongue, you blockhead; or—

Trudge. Lord! sir, if my master makes no more haste, we shall all be put to sword by the knives of the natives. I'm told they take off heads like hats, and hang 'em on pegs in their parlours. Mercy on us! my head aches with the very thoughts of it. Holo! Mr. Inkle! master; holo!

Med. Head aches! zounds, so does mine with your confounded bawling. It's enough to bring all the natives about us; and we shall be stripped and plundered in a minute.

Trudge. Aye; stripping is the first thing that would happen to us; for they seem to be woefully off ~~for~~ a wardrobe. I myself saw three, at a distance, with less clothes than I have when I get out of bed: all dancing about in black buff; just like Adam in mourning.

Med. This is to have to do with a schemer! a fellow ~~who~~ ^{who} risks his life, for a chance of advancing his interest.---Always advantage in view! trying, here, to make discoveries that may promote his profit in England. Another Botany Bay scheme, mayhap. Nothing else could induce him to quit our foraging party, from the ship; when he knows every inhabitant here is not only as black as a pepper-corn, but as hot into the bargain---and I, like a fool, to follow him! and then to let him loiter behind. Why, nephew! why, Inkle.

[calling.

Trudge. Why, Inkle---Well! only to see the difference of men! he'd have thought it very hard, now, if I had let him call so often after me. Ah! I wish he was calling after me now, in the old jog-trot way, again. What a fool was I, to leave London for foreign parts!---That ever I should leave Threadneedle-street, to thread an American forest, where a man's as soon lost as a needle in a bottle of hay!

Med. Patience, Trudge! patience! if we once recover the ship---

Trudge. Lord, sir, I shall never recover what I have lost in coming abroad. When my master and I were in London, I had such a mortal snug birth of it! why, I was factotum.

Med. Factotum to a young merchant is no such sinecure, neither.

Trudge. But then the honour of it. Think of that, sir; to be clerk as well as own man. Only consider. You find very few city clerks made out of a man, now-a-days. To be king of the counting-house, as well as lord of the bed-chamber. Ah! if I had him but now

in the little dressing room behind the office ; tying his hair, with a bit of red tape, as usual.

Med. Yes, or writing an invoice with lamp-black, and shining his shoes with an ink bottle, as usual, you blundering blockhead !

Trudge. Oh ! if I was but brushing the accounts, or casting up the coats ! mercy on us ! what's that ?

Med. That ! what ?

Trudge. Did'nt you hear a noise ?

Med. Y—es—but—hush ! Oh, heavens be praised ! here he is at last.

Enter Inkle.

Now nephew ?

Inkle. So, Mr Medium.

Med. Zounds, one would think, by your confounded composure, that you were walking in St. James's Park, instead of an American Forest, and that all the beasts were nothing but good company. The hollow trees, here, centry boxes, and the lions in 'em soldiers ; the jackalls, countiers, the crocodiles, fine women ; and the baboons, beans. What the plague made you loiter so long ?

Inkle. Reflection.

Med. So I should think ; reflection generally comes lagging behind. What, scheming, I suppose ; never quiet. At it again, eh. what a happy trader is your father, to have so prudent a son for a partner ! why, you are the carefulest Co. in the whole city. Never losing sight of the main chance : and that's the reason, perhaps, you lost sight of us, here, on the main of America.

Inkle. Right, Mr. Medium. Arithmetic, I own, has been the means of our partn., at present.

Trudge. Ha ! a sum in division, I reckon. (*aside.*

Med. And pray, if I may be so bold, what mighty scheme has just tempted you to employ your head, when you ought to make use of your heels ?

Inkle. My heels ! here's pretty doctrine ! do you

think I travel merely for motion? a fine expensive ^{pleasure} for a trader, truly. What, would you have a man of business come abroad, scamper extravagantly here and there and every where, then return home, and have nothing to tell, but that he has been here and there and every where? 'death, sir, would you have me travel like a lord? Travelling, uncle, was always intended for-improvement; and improvement is an advantage; and advantage is profit, and profit is gain. Which, in the travelling translation of a trader, means, that you should gain every advantage of improving your profit. I have been comparing the land, here, with that of our own country.

Med. And you find it like a good deal of the land of our own country—cursedly encumbered with black legs, I take it.

Inkl. And calculating how much it might be made to produce by the acre.

Med. You were?

Inkle. Yes, I was proceeding algebraically upon the subject.

Med. Indeed!

Inkle. And just about extracting the square root.

Med. Hum!

Inkle. I was thinking too, if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West Indian markets.

Med. Now let me ask you a question or two, young cannibal catcher, if you please.

Inkle. Well.

Med. Aren't we bound for Barbadoes; partly to trade, but chiefly to carry home the daughter of the governor, Sir Christopher Curry, who has till now been under your father's care, in Threadneedle-street, for polite English education.

Inkle. Granted.

Med. And isn't it determined, between the old folks,

that you are to marry Narcissus as soon as we get there?

Inkle. A fixed thing.

Med. Then what the devil do you do here, hunting old hairy negroes, when you ought to be ogling a fine girl in the ship? Algebia, too! you'll have other things to think of when you are married, I promise you. A plodding fellow's head, in the hands of a young wife, like a boy's slate after school, soon gets all its arithmetic wiped off: and then it appears in its true simple state: dark, empty, and bound in wood, Master Inkle.

Inkle. Not in a match of this kind. Why, it's a tangle of interest from beginning to end, old Medium.

Med. Well, well, this is no time to talk. Who knows but, instead of sailing to a wedding, we may get cut up, here, for a wedding dinner—tossed up for a dingy duke perhaps, or stewed down for a black baronet, or eat raw by an ugly commoner?

Inkle. Why sure, you aren't afraid?

Med. Who, I afraid! ha! ha! ha! no, not I! what the deuce should I be afraid of? thank heaven, I have a clear conscience and need not be afraid of any thing. A scoundrel might not be quite so easy on such an occasion, but it's the part of an honest man not to behave like a scoundrel—I never behaved like a scoundrel—for which reason I am an honest man, you know. But come—I hate to boast of my good qualities.

Inkle. Slow and sure, my good, virtuous, Mr. Medium! our companions can be but half a mile before us: and, if we do but double their steps, we shall overtake 'em at one mile's end, by all the powers of arithmetic.

Med. Oh, curse your arithmetic! how are we to find our way?

Inkle. That, uncle, must be left to the doctrine of chances.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.—A SHIP AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY, AT A SMALL DISTANCE.

Enter Sailors and Mate, as returning from foraging.

Mate. Come, come, bear a hand, my lads. Tho'f the bay is just under our bowsprits, it will take a damned deal of tripping to come at it—there's hardly any steering clear of the rocks here. But do we muster all hands? all right, think ye?

1st. Sail. All to a man—besides yourself, and a monkey—the three land lubbers, that edged away in the morning, goes for nothing, you know—they're all dead may-hap, by this.

Mate. Dead! you he—why, they're friends of the captain, and, if not brought safe aboard to-night, you may all chance to have a salt eel for your supper—that's all.—Moreover, the young plodding spark, he with the grave, foul-weather face, there, is to man the tight little frigate, Miss Narcissa. what d'ye call her, that is bound with us for Barbadoes. Rot 'em for not keeping under way, I say! but come, let's see if a song will bring 'em too. Let's have a full chorus to the good merchant ship, the Achilles, that's wrote by our Captain.

The Achilles, though christen'd good ship, 'tis surmis'd,
From that old man of war, great Achilles, so priz'd,
Was he, like our vessel, pray, fairly babtiz'd?

Ti tol lol, &c.

Poets sung that Achilles—if now, they've an itch
'To sing this, future ages may know which is which;
And that one rode in Greece—and the other in pitch.

What tho' but a merchant ship—sure our supplies
Now your men of war's gain in a lottery lies,

And how blank they all look, when they can't get a prize!

What are all their fine names? when no rhino's behind,
The Intrepid, and Lion, look sheepish, you'll find;
Whilst, alas! the poor Æolus can't raise the wind!

Then the Thunderer's dumb; out of tune the Orpheas;
The Ceres has nothing at all to produce;
And the Eagle, I warrant you, looks like a goose.

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't maul,
Nor are paid, like fine king-ships, to fight at a call,
Why we pay ourselves well, without fighting at all.

1st Sail. Avast! look a-head there. Here they come,
chased by a fleet of black devils.

Midsh. And the devils a fire have I to give 'em. We
han't a grain of powder left. What must we do, lad?

2nd Sail. Do? sheer off, to be sure.

All. Come, bear a hand, Master Marlinspike!

Midsh. (reluctantly) Well, if I must, I must (*going to the other side and hallooing to Inkle, &c.*) Yoho, lubbers! crowd all the sail you can, d'ye mind me! [*ex.*

Enter Medium, running, as pursued by the Blacks.

Med. Nephew! Trudge! run—scamper! scour—fly! zounds, what harm did I ever do, to be hunted to death by a pack of blood-hounds? why, nephew! Oh, confound your long sums in arithmetic! I'll take care of myself; and if we must have any arithmetic, dot and carry one for my money. [*runs off.*

Enter Inkle and Trudge, hastily.

Trudge. Oh! that ever I was born, to leave pen, ink, and powder, for this!

Inkle. Trudge, how far are the sailors before us?

Trudge. I'll run and see, sir, directly.

Inkle. Blockhead, come here. The savages are close upon us: we shall scarce be able to recover our party.

Get behind this tuft of trees with me; they'll pass us, and we may then recover our ship with safety.

Trudge. (going behind.) Oh! Threadneedle-street, Thread!—

Inkle. Peace.

Trudge. (hiding.)—needle-street.

[They hide behind trees. Natives cross. After a long pause, Inkle looks from the trees.]

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir. *[in a whisper.]*

Inkle. Are they all gone by?

Trudge. Won't you look and see?

Inkle (looking round.) So, all's safe at last. *(coming forward.)* Nothing like policy in these cases; but you'd have run on, like a booby! A tree, I fancy, you'll find, in future, the best resource in a hot pursuit.

Trudge. Oh, charming! It's a retreat for a king, sir. Mr. Medium, however, has not got up in it, your uncle, sir, has run on like a booby; and has got up with our party by this time, I take it—who are now most likely at the shore. But what are we to do next, sir?

Inkle. Reconnoitre a little, and then proceed.

Trudge. Then pray, sir, proceed to reconnoitre; for, the sooner the better.

Inkle. Then look out, d'ye hear, and tell me if you discover any danger.

Trudge. Y—ye—s—yes; but— *[trembling.]*

Inkle. Well, is the coast clear?

Trudge. Eh! Oh lord!—Clear? (rubbing his eyes) Oh dear! oh dear! the coast will soon be clear enough now, I promise you—the ship is under sail, sir!

Inkle. Confusion! my property carried off in the vessel.

Trudge. All, all, sir, except me.

Inkle. They may report me dead, perhaps; and dispose of my property at the next island.

Trudge. Ah! there they go. (a gun fired.)— *[vessel under sail.]*

That will be the last report we shall ever hear from 'em, I'm afraid.—That's as much as to say, good by to ye. And here we are left—two fine, full-grown babes in the wood!

Inkle. What an ill-timed accident! just too, when my speedy union with Narcissa, at Barbadoes, would so much advance my interests. Something must be hit upon, and speedily; but what resource?

Trudge. The old one—a tree, sir—'tis all we have for it now. What would I give, now, to be perched upon a high stool, with our brown desk squeezed into the pit of my stomach—scribbling away an old parchment!—But all my red ink will be spilt by an old black pin of a negro. | *thinking.*

A voyage over seas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known but on which side to butter my bread.
Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die!
I've sail'd, like a booby; come here in a squall,
Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!

Oh! I'm a terrible booby!

Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street!
But the only sign here, is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!
My mutton's all lost; I'm a poor starving elf;
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself.

Oh! I shall die a lost mutton!

Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull;
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!
But grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!
I can't save my bacon, not I!

Trudge. Hum! I was thinking—I was thinking, sir—if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West India markets!

Inkle. Scoundrel! is this a time to jest?

Trudge. No, faith, sir! hunger is too sharp to be jested with. As for me, I shall starve for want of food. Now you may meet a luckier fate: you are able to extract the square root, sir; and that's the very best provision you can find here to live upon. But I—[*noise at a distance*] Mercy on us! here they come again.

Inkle. Confusion! deserted on one side, and pressed on the other, which way shall I turn?—This cavern may prove a safe retreat to us for the present. I'll enter; cost what it will.

Trudge. Oh! Lord! no, don't, don't—We shall pay too dear for our lodging, depend on't.

Inkle. This is no time for debating. You are at the mouth of it: lead the way, Trudge.

Trudge. What! go in before your honour! I know my place better, I assure you.—I might walk into more mouths than one, perhaps. [*aside.*]

Inkle. Coward! then follow me. [*noise again.*]

Trudge. I must, sir; I must! Ah Trudge, Trudge! what a damned hole are you getting into! [*exunt.*]

SCENE. III.—A CAVE, DECORATED WITH SKINS OF WILD BEASTS, FEATHERS, &c. A RUDE KIND OF CURTAIN, AS A DOOR TO AN INNER PART.

Enter Inkle and Trudge, from the mouth of the cavern.

Trudge. Why, sir! you must be mad to go any farther.

Inkle. So far, at least, we have proceeded with safe-

ty. Ha! no bad specimen of savage elegance. These ornaments would be worth something in England.—We have little to fear here, I hope: this cave rather bears the pleasing face of a profitable adventure.

Trudge. Very likely, sir; but, for a pleasing face, it has the cursed'st ugly mouth I ever saw in my life. Now do, sir, make off as fast as you can. If we once get clear of the natives' houses, we have little to fear from the lions and leopards; for, by the appearance of their parlours, they seem to have killed all the wild beasts in the country. Now pray, do, my good master, take my advice and run away.

Inkle. Rascal! talk again of going out, and I'll flea you alive.

Trudge. That's just what I expect for coming in.—All that enter here appear to have had their skin stript over their ears; and ours will be kept for curiosities—We shall stand here, stuffed, for a couple of white wonders.

Inkle. This curtain seems to lead to another apartment: I'll draw it.

Trudge. No, no, no, don't; don't. We may be called to account for disturbing the company: you may get a curtain lecture, perhaps, sir.

Inkle. Peace, booby, and stand on your guard.

Trudge. Oh! what will become of us! some grin, seven-foot fellow ready to scalp us.

Inkle. By heaven! a woman!

[*Yarico and Wowski discovered asleep.*]

Trudge. A woman! [*aside*]—[*loud.*] But let him come on; I'm ready—dam'me, I don't fear facing the devil himself—Faith, it is a woman—fast asleep, too.

Inkle. And beautiful as an angel!

Trudge. And, egad! there seems to be a nice, little, plump, bit in the corner; only she's an angel of rather darker sort.

Inkle. Hush! keep back—she wakes.

[*Yarico comes forward—Inkle and Trudge retire to the opposite sides of the scene.*]

Yarico. When the chase of day is done,
 And the shaggy lion's skin,
 Which, for us, our warriors win,
 Decks our cells, at set of sun;
 Worn with toil, with sleep oppress,
 I press my mossy bed, and sink to rest.

Then, once more I see our train,
 With all our chase renew'd again :
 Once more, 'tis day,
 Once more, our prey
 Gnashes his angry teeth, and foams in vain.
 Again, in sullen haste, he flies,
 Ta'en in the toils, again he lies,
 Again he roars—and, in my slumbers, dies.

Inkle. Our language !

Trudge. Zounds, she has thrown me into a cold sweat.

Yarico. Hark ! I heard a noise ! Wowski, awake !
 whence can it proceed !

*[She wakes Wowski, and they both come
 forward—Yarico towards Inkle ;
 Wowski towards Trudge.]*

Yar. Ah ! what form is this ?—are you a man ?

Inkle. True flesh and blood, my charming heathen,
 I promise you.

Yar. What harmony in his voice ! what a shape !
 How fair his skin too !— *[gazing.]*

Trudge. This must be a lady of quality, by her
 staring.

Yar. Say, stranger, whence come you ?

Inkle. From a far distant island ; driven on this
 coast by distress, and deserted by my companions.

Yar. And do you know the danger that surrounds
 you here ? our woods are filled with beasts of prey—
 my countrymen, too—(yet, I think they could'nt
 find the heart)—might kill you.—It would be a

pity if you fall in their way—I think I should weep if you came to any harm.

Trudge. O ho! it's time, I see, to begin making interest with the chambermaid. [*takes Wowski apart.*]

Inkle. How wild and beautiful! sure, there's magic in her shape, and she has rivetted me to the place. But where shall I look for safety? let me fly, and avoid my death.

Yar. Oh! no--But—[*as if puzzled*] well then, die stranger, but, don't depart.—But I will try to preserve you: and if you are killed, Yarico must die too! Yet, 'tis I alone can save you: your death is certain without my assistance; and indeed, indeed, you shall not want it.

Inkle. My kind Yarico! what means, then, must be used for my safety?

Yar. My cave must conceal you: none enter it, since my father was slain in battle. I will bring you food by day, then lead you to our unfrequented groves, by moonlight, to listen to the nightengale. If you should sleep, I'll watch you, and wake you when there's danger.

Inkle. Generous maid! then, to you I will owe my life; and whilst it lasts, nothing shall part us.

Yar. And shan't it, shan't it indeed?

Inkle. No, my Yarico! for, when an opportunity offers to return to my country, you shall be my companion.

Yar. What! cross the seas!

Inkle. Yes. Help me to discover a vessel, and you shall enjoy wonders—You shall be decked in silks, my brave maid, and have a house drawn with horses to carry you

Yar. Nay, do not laugh at me—but is it so?

Inkle. It is, indeed!

Yar. Oh, wonder! I wish my countrywomen could see me—But won't your warriors kill us?

Inkle. No, our only danger, on land, is here.

Yar. Then let us retire further into the cave. Come—your safety is in my keeping.

Inkle. I follow you—Yet, can you run some risque in following me?

DUET.

Inkle. O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?

When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind you,

To sigh, with regret, for the grot left behind
you?

Yar. Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!

The winds which blow round us, your arms for
my pillow,

Will lull us to sleep, whilst we'er rock'd by each
billow.

Both. O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big
thunder:

While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of
weather,

And journey, all over the world,^d both together.

Trudge. Why, you speak English as well as I, my
little Wowski.

Wows. Iss

Trudge. Iss! and you learnt it from a strange man,
that tumbled from a big boat, many moons ago, you
say!

Wows. Iss—teach me—teach good many.

Trudge. Then, what the devil made 'em so surpris'd
at seeing us! was he like me? [*Wowski shakes her
head*] Not so smart a body, may hap. Was his face,
now, round, and comely, and—eh! [*stroking his chin*]
Was it like mine?

Wows. Like dead leaf—brown and shrivel.

Trudge. Oh, oh, an old shipwrecked sailor, I war-

rant. With white and grey hair, eh, my pretty beauty
spot.

Wows. Iss; all white. When night come, he put
it in pocket.

Trudge. Oh! wore a wig. But the old boy taught
you something more than English, I believe.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. The devil he did! What was it?

Wows. Teach me put dry grass, red hot, in hollow
white stick.

Trudge. Aye, what was that for?

Wows. Put in my mouth—go poff, poff.

Trudge. Zounds! did he teach you to smoke?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. And what became of him at last? What
did your countrymen do for the poor fellow?

Wows. Eat him one day—Our chief kill him.

Trudge. Mercy on us! what damned stomachs, to
swallow a tough old tar! though, for the matter of
that, there's many of our captains would eat all they
kill, I believe! Ah, poor Trudge! your killing comes
next.

Wows. No, no—not you—no—[*running to him
anxiously.*]

Trudge. No? why what shall I do, if I get in their
paws?

Wows. I fight for you!

Trudge. Will you? ecod she's a brave, good-natur-
ed wench! she'll be worth a hundred of your English
wives—Whenever they fight on their husband's ac-
count, its with him, instead of for him, I fancy. But
how the plague am I to live here!

Wows. I feed you—bring you kid.

White man, never go away—

Tell me why need you?

Stay, with your Wowski, stay:

Wowski will feed you.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

THE QUAY AT BARBADOES.

Enter several Planters.

1st Plant. I saw her this morning, gentlemen, you may depend on't. My telescope never fails me. I popp'd upon her as I was taking a peep from my balcony. A brave tight ship, I tell you, bearing down directly for Barbadoes here.

2d Plant. Ods my life! rare news! We have not had a vessel arrive in our harbour these six weeks.

3d Plant. And the last brought only madam Narcissa, our Governor's daughter, from England; with a parcel of lazy, idle, white folks about her. Such cargoes will never do for our trade, neighbour.

4th Plant. No, no: we want slaves. A terrible dearth of 'em in Barbadoes, lately! but your dingy passengers for my money. Give me a vessel like a collier, where all the lading tumbles out as black as my hat. But are you sure, now, you aren't mistaken?

[to 1st Planter.

1st Plant. Mistaken! 'sbud, do you doubt my glass? I can discover a gull by by it six leagues off: I could see every thing as plain as if I was on board.

2d Plant. Indeed! and what were her colours?

1st Plant. Um! why English—or Dutch—or French—I don't exactly remember.

3d Plant. What were the sailors aboard?

1st Plant. Eh! why they were English too—or Dutch—or French—I can't perfectly recollect

4th Plant. Your glass, neighbour, is a little like a glass too much : it makes you forget every thing you ought to remember. *[Cry without, A sail ! A sail !*

1st Plant. Egad, but I'm right tho'. Now, gentlemen !

All. Aye, aye ; the devil take the hindmost.

[Exit, hastily.]

Enter Narcissa and Patty.

Nar. Freshly now the breeze is blowing :

As yon ship at anchor rides,
Sullen waves, incessant flowing,
Rudely dash against the sides :

So my heart, its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast :
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise, and still deny it rest.

Patty. Well, ma'am, as I was saying——

Nar. Well, say no more of what you were saying—
Sure, Patty, you forget where you are : a little caution
will be necessary now, I think.

Patty. Lord, madam, how is it possible to help talking ? We are in Barbadoes, here, to be sure—but then, ma'am, one may let out a little in a private morning's walk by ourselves.

Nar. Nay, it's the same thing with you in-doors.

Patty. I never blab, ma'am, never, as I hope for a gown.

Nar. And your never blabbing, as you call it, depends chiefly on that hope, I believe. The unlocking my chest, locks up all your faculties. 'An old silk gown makes you turn your back on all my secrets ; a large bonnet blinds your eyes ; and a fashionable high handkerchief covers your ears, and stops your mouth at once, Patty.

Patty. Dear ma'am, how can you think a body so

mercenary ! am I always teasing you about gowns and gew-gaws, and fal-lals and finery ? Or do you take me for a conjuror, that nothing will come out of my mouth but ribbons ? I have told the story of our voyage, indeed, to old Guzzle, the butler, who is very inquisitive ; and, between ourselves, is the ugliest old quiz I ever saw in my life.

Nar. Well, well, I have seen him ; pitted with the small pox, and a red face.

Patty. Right, ma'am. It's for all the world like his master's cellar, full of holes and liquor. But when he asks me what you and I think of the matter, why I look wise, and cry, like other wise people who have nothing to say—All's for the best.

Nar. And, thus, you lead him to imagine I am but little inclined to the match.

Patty. Lord, ma'am, how could that be ? Why, I never said a word about Captain Campley.

Nar. Hush ! hush, for heaven's sake.

Patty. Ay, there it is now.—There, ma'am, I'm as mute as a mackarel—That name strikes me dumb in a moment. I don't know how it is, but Captain Campley some how or other has the knack of stopping my mouth oftener than any body else, ma'am.

Nar. His name again !—Consider.—Never mention it ; I desire you.

Patty. Not I, ma'am, not I. But, if our voyage from England was so pleasant, it was'nt owing to Mr Inkle, I'm certain. He didn't play the fiddle in our cabin, and dance on the deck, and come languishing with a glass of warm water in his hand, when we were seasick. Ah, ma'am, that water warm'd your heart, I'm confident. Mr. Inkle ; no, no ! Captain Cam——

Nar. There is no end to this ! Remember, Patty, keep your secrecy, or you entirely lose my favour.

Patty. Never fear me, ma'am. But if somebody I know is not acquainted with the governor, there's such a thing as dancing at balls, and squeezeing hands when

you lead up, and squeezing them again when you cast down, and walking on the quay in a morning. Oh, I won't utter a syllable, (*archly*.) But remember, I'm as close as a patch-box. Mum's the word; una'am, I promise you.

This maxim let ev'ry one hear,
Proclaim'd from the north to the south ;
Whatever comes in at your ear,
Should never run out at your mouth.
We servants, like servants of state,
Should listen to all, and be dumb ;
Let others harangue and debate,
We look wise—shake our heads,—and are mum.

The judge in dull dignity drest,
In silence hears barristers preach ;
And then, to prove silence is best,
He'll get up, and give them a speech.
By saying but little, the maid
Will keep her swain under her thumb ;
And the lover that's true to his trade,
Is certain to kiss, and cry mum. [*exit.*

Nar. How awkward is my present situation ! promised to one, who, perhaps, may never again be heard of ; and who, I am sure, if he ever appears to claim me, will do it merely on the score of interest—pressed too by another, who has already, I fear, too much interest in my heart—what can I do ? What plan can I follow ?

Enter Campley.

Camp. Follow my advice, Narcissa, by all means. Enlist with me, under the best banners in the world. General Hymen for my money ! little Cupid's his drummer : he has been beating a round rub-a-dub on our hearts, and we have only to obey the word of com-

mand, fall into the ranks of matrimony, and march through life together.

Nar. Then consider our situation.

Camp. That has been duly considered. In short, the case stands exactly thus—your intended spouse is all for money: I am all for love: he is a rich rogue: I am rather a poor honest fellow. He would pocket your fortune; I will take you without a fortune in your pocket.

Nar. Oh! I am sensible of the favour, most gallant Captain Campley; and my father, no doubt, will be very much obliged to you.

Camp. Aye, there's the devil of it! Sir Christopher Curry's confounded good character—knocks me up at once. Yet I am not acquainted with him, neither; not known to him, even by sight; being here only as a private gentleman on a visit to my old relation, out of regimentals, and so forth; and not introduced to the Governor as other officers of the place: but then the report of his hospitality—his odd, blunt, whimsical, friendship—his whole behaviour—

Nar. All stare you in the face, eh, Campley?

Camp. They do, till they put me out of countenance: but then again, when I stare you in the face, I can't think I have any reason to be ashamed of my proceedings—I stick here, between my love and my principle, like a song between a toast and a sentiment.

Nar. And, if your love and your principle were put in the scales, you doubt which would weigh most?

Camp. Oh, no! I should act like a rogue, and let principle kick the beam: for love, Narcissa, is as heavy as lead, and, like a bullet from a pistol, could never go through the heart, if it wanted weight.

Nar. Or rather like the pistol itself, that often goes off without any harm done. Your fire must end in smoke, I believe.

Camp. Never, whilst—

Nar. Nay, a truce to protestations at present. What

signifies talking to me, when you have such opposition from others? Why hover about the city, instead of boldly attacking the guard? Wheel about, captain! face the enemy! march! charge! rout 'em—Drive 'em before you, and then—

Camp. And then—

Nar. Lud have mercy on the poor city!

Mars would oft, his conquest over,
To the Cyprian goddess yield;
Venus gloried in a lover,
Who, like him, could brave the field.

Mars would oft, &c.

In the cause of battles hearty,
Still the God would strive to prove,
He, who fac'd an adverse party,
Fittest was to meet his love.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,
Hear the God of war declare,
Cowards never can pass muster;
Courage only wins the fair.

Enter Patty, hastily.

Patty. Oh, lud, ma'am, I'm frightened out of my wits! sure as I'm alive, ma'am, Mr. Inkle is not dead; I saw his man, ma'am, just now, coming ashore in a boat with other passengers, from the vessel that's come to the island. *[exit.]*

Nar. (to Camp.) Look'ye, Mr. Campley, something has happened which makes me waive ceremonies.—If you mean to apply to my father, remember that delays are dangerous.

Camp. Indeed!

Nar. I may'nt be always in the same mind, you know. *[smiling.]*

Camp. Nav, then—Gad, I'm almost afraid too—but

living in this state of doubt is torment. I'll e'en put a good face on the matter; cock my hat; make my bow; and try to reason the Governor into compliance. Faint heart never won a fair lady.

Why should I vain fears discover,
 Prove a dying, sighing swain:
 Why turn shilly-shally lover,
 Only to prolong my pain?

When we woo the dear enslaver,
 Boldly ask, and she will grant;
 How should we obtain a favour,
 But by telling what we want?

Should the nymph be found complying,
 Nearly then the battle's won;
 Parent's think 'tis vain denying,
 When half the work is fairly done. [*exunt.*]

Enter Trudge and Wowski, as from the ship; with a dirty Runner from one of the inns.

Run. This way, sir; if you will let me recommend—

Trudge. Come along, Wows! Take care of your furs, and your feathers, my girl.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. That's right.—Somebody might steal 'em, perhaps.

Wows. Steal!—What that?

Trudge. Oh, lord! see what one loses by not being born in a Christian country.

Run. If you would, sir, but mention to your master, the house that belongs to my master; the best accommodations on the quay.—

Trudge. What's your sign, my lad?

Run. The Crown, sir—Here it is.

Trudge. Well, get us a room for half an hour, and

we'll come: and hark'ee! let it be light and airy, d'ye hear? My master has been used to your open apartments lately.

Run. Depend on it.—Much obliged to you, sir. *(exit.)*

Wows. Who be that fine man? He great prince?

Trudge. A prince—Ha! ha!—No, not quite a prince—but he belongs to the crown. But how do you like this, Wows? Isn't it fine?

Wows. Wonder!

Trudge. Fine men, eh?

Wows. Iss! all white; like you.

Trudge. Yes, all the fine men are like me: as different from your people as powder and ink, or paper and blacking.

Wows. And fine lady—Face like snow.

Trudge. What! the fine ladie's complexions? Oh, yes, exactly; for too much heat very often dissolves 'em! Then their dress, tob.

Wows. Your countrymen dress so?

Trudge. Better, better, a great deal. Why, a young flashy Englishman will sometimes carry a whole fortune on his back. But did you mind the women? All here—and there; *(pointing before and behind)* they have it all from us in England. And then the fine things they carry on their heads, Wowski.

Wows. Iss. One lady carry good fish—so fine, she call every body to look at her.

Trudge. Pshaw! an old woman hawling flounders. But the fine girls we meet, here, on the quay—so round, and so plump!

Wows. You not love me now.

Trudge. Not love you! Zounds, have not I given you proofs?

Wows. Iss. Great many: but now you get here, you forget poor Wowski!

Trudge. Not I; I'll stick to you like wax.

Wows. Ah, I fear! What make you love me now?

Trudge. Gratitude, to be sure.

Wows. What that?

Trudge. Ha! this it is, now, to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude, without finding out what it means; while we can tell the meaning of it, with little or no practice at all. Lord, lord, what a fine advantage Christian learning is! Hark'ec, Wows!

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Now we've accomplished our landing, I'll accomplish you. You remember the instructions I gave you on the voyage?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Let's see now—What are you to do, when I introduce you to the nobility, gentry, and others—of my acquaintance?

Wows. Make believe sit down; then get up.

Trudge. Let me see you do it. (*she makes a low curtsy*) Very well! And how are you to recommend yourself, when you have nothing to say, amongst all our great friends?

Wows. Grin—shew my teeth.

Trudge. Right! they'll think you lived with people of fashion. But suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wish to be seen to speak to—what would you do?

Wows. Look blind—not see him.

Trudge. Why would you do that?

Wows. 'Cause I can't see good friend in distress.

Trudge. That's a good girl! and I wish every body could boast of so kind a motive, for such cursed cruel behaviour. Lord! how some of your flashy banker's clerks have cut me in Threadneedle street. But come, though we have got among fine folks, here, in an English settlement, I won't be ashamed of my old acquaintance: yet, for my own part, I should not be sorry, now, to see my old friend with a new face. Odsbobs! I see Mr. Inkle—Go in, Wows; call for what you like best

Wows. Then, I call for you ah! I fear I not see you often now. But you come soon——

Remember when we walk'd alone,
And heard, so gruff, the lion growl;
And when the moon so bright it shone,
We saw the wolf look up and howl;
I led you well, safe to our cell,
While, tremblingly,
You said to me,
——And kiss'd so sweet—dear Wowski tell,
How could I live without ye?

But now you come across the sea,
And tell me here no monsters roar;
You'll walk alone and leave poor me,
When wolves to fright you howl no more.
But ah! think well on our old cell,
Where, tremblingly,
You kiss'd poor me——
Perhaps, you'll say—dear Wowski tell,
How can I live without ye? [*exit.*

Trudge. Eh! oh! my master's talking to somebody on the quay. Who have we here!

Enter First Planter.

Plant. Hark'ee, young man! Is that young Indian of your's going to our market?

Trudge. Not she—she never went to market in all her life.

Plant. I mean, is she for our sale of slaves? Our Black Fair?

Trudge. A black fair! ha, ha, ha! You hold it on a brown green, I suppose.

Plant. She's your slave, I take it?

Trudge. Yes; and I'm her humble servant, I take it.

Plant. Aye, aye, natural enough at sea. But at how much do you value her?

Trudge. Just as much as she has saved me—My own life.

Plant. Pshaw! you mean to sell her!

Trudge. (*staring.*) Zounds! what a devil of a fellow! Sell Wows! my poor, dear, dingy wife!

Plant. Come, come, I've heard your story from the ship. Don't let's haggle; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongst us but no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raise your price. Your wife, indeed! Why she's no Christian?

Trudge. No: but I am; so I shall do as I'd be done by, Master Black-market: and, if you were a good one yourself, you'd know, that fellow-feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the noblest mark of our religion. I would'nt be articled clerk to such a fellow for the world.

Plant. Hey-dey! The booby's in love with her! Why, sure, friend, you would not live here with a black?

Trudge. Plague on't; there it is. I shall be laughed out of my honesty, here.—But you may be jogging, friend; I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at showing her face—but, dam'me, if ever I do any thing to make me ashamed of showing my own.

Plant. Why, I tell you, her very complexion—

Trudge. Rot her complexion. I'll tell you what, Mr. Fair-trader; if your head and heart were to change places, I've a notion you'd be as black in the face as an ink-bottle.

Plant. Pshaw! The fellow's a tool—a rude rascal—he ought to be sent back to the savages, again. He's not fit to live among us Christians. [*exit.*]

Trudge. Oh, here he is at last.

Enter Inkle and a second Planter.

Inkle. Nay, sir, I understand your customs well: your Indian markets are not unknown to me.

2 Plant. And, as you seem to understand business, I need not tell you that despatch is the soul of it. Her name you say is—

Inkle. Varico : but urge this no more, I beg you. I must not listen to it : for to speak freely, her anxious care of me demands, that here,—though here it may seem strange—I should avow my love for her.

Plant. Lord help you for a merchant !—It's the first time I ever heard a trader talk of love ; except, indeed, ~~he~~ love of trade, and the love of the Sweet Molly, my ship.

Inkle. Then, sir, you cannot feel my situation.

Plant. Oh yes, I can ! We have a hundred such cases just after a voyage ; but they never last long on land. It's amazing how constant a young man is in a ship ! But, in two words, will you dispose of her, or no ?

Inkle. In two words then, meet me here at noon, and we'll speak further on this subject ; and lest you think I trifle with your business, hear why I wish this pause. Chance threw me, on my passage to your island, among a savage people. Deserted,—defenceless,—cut off from my companions,—my life at stake—to this young creature I owe my preservation ; she found me, like a dying bough, torn from its kindred branches ; which, as it dropped, she moistened with her tears.

Plant. Nay, nay, talk like a man of this world.

Inkle. Your patience. And yet your interruption goes to my present feelings ; for on our sail to this your island—the thoughts of time mispent—doubt—fears—for call it what you will—have much perplex'd me ; and as your spires arose, reflections still rose with them ; for here, sir, lie my interests, great connections, and other weighty matters—which now I need not mention.

Plant. But which her presence hear will mar.

Inkle. Even so---And yet the gratitude I owe her !

Plant. Pshaw ! So because she preserved your life, your gratitude is to make you give up all you have to live upon.

Inkle. Why in that light indeed—This never struck me ver. I'll think on't

Plant. Aye, aye, do so—Why what return can the wench wish more than taking her from a wild, idle, savage people, and providing for her, here, with reputable hard work, in a genteel, polished, tender, Christian country?

Inkle. Well, sir, at noon——

Plant. I'll meet you—but remember, young gentleman, you must get her off your hands—you must indeed.—I shall have her a bargain, I see that—your servant!—Zounds, how late it is but never be put out of your way for a woman—I must run—my wife will play the devil with me for keeping breakfast. [*exit.*]

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir!

Inkle. Have you provided a proper apartment?

Trudge. Yes, sir, at the Crown here; a neat, spruce room, they tell me. You have not seen such a convenient lodging this good while, I believe.

Inkle. Are there no better inns in the town?

Trudge. Um—Why there's the Lion, I hear, and the Bear, and the Boar—but we saw them at the door of all our late lodgings, and found but bad accommodations within, sir.

Inkle. Well, run to the end of the quay, and conduct Yarico hither. The road is straight before you: you can't miss it.

Trudge. Very well, sir. What a fine thing it is to turn one's back on a master, without running into a wolf's belly! One can follow one's nose on a message here, and be sure it won't be bit off by the way. [*exit.*]

Inkle. Let me reflect a little. Part with her—Justified!—Pshaw, my interest, honour, engagements to Narcissa, all demand it. My father's precepts, too—I can remember, when I was a boy, what pains he took to mould me!—Schooled me from morn to night—and still the burden of his song was—prudence! Prudence, Thomas, and you'll rise.—Early he taught me numbers: which he said, and he said rightly.

would give me a quick view of loss and profit; and banish from my mind those idle impulses of passion, which mark young thoughtless spendthrifts. His maxims rooted in my heart, and as I grew—they grew; till I was reckoned, among our friends, a steady, sober, solid, good young man; and all the neighbours called me the prudent Mr. Thomas. And shall I now, at once, kick down the character which I have raised so warily?—I part with her—The thought once struck me in our cabin, as she lay sleeping by me; but, in her slumbers, she past her arm around me, murmured a blessing on my name, and broke my meditations.

Enter Yarico and Trudge.

Yar. My love;

Trudge. I have been showing her all the wigs and bales of goods we met on the quay, sir.

Yar. Oh! I have feasted my eyes on wonders.

Trudge. And I'll go feast on a slice of beef, in the inn, here. [Exit.]

Yar. My mind has been so busy, that I almost forgot even you. I wish you had staid with me—You would have seen such sights!

Inkle. Those sights have grown familiar to me, Yarico.

Yar. And yet I wish they were not.—You might partake my pleasures—but now again, methinks, I will not wish so—for, with too much gazing, you might neglect poor Yarico.

Inkle. Nay, nay, my care is still for you.

Yar. I'm sure it is: and if I thought it was not, I'd tell you tales about our poor old grot—bid you remember our palm-tree near the brook, where in the shade you often stretched yourself, while I would take your head upon my lap, and sing my love to sleep. I know you'll love me then.

Our grotto was the sweetest place!

The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing.

Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing,
'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill,
Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,
—Fear, to an Indian maid a stranger—
'The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my bosom fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me still. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY'S.

Enter Sir Christopher and Medium.

Sir C. I tell you, old Medium, you are all wrong. Plague on your doubts! Inkle shall have my Narcissa. Poor fellow! I dare say he's finely chagrined at this temporary parting—Eat up with the blue devils, I warrant.

Med. Eat up by the black devils, I warrant; for I left him in hellish hungry company.

Sir C. Pshaw! he'll arrive with the next vessel, depend on't—besides, have not I had this in view ever since they were children? I must and will have it so; I tell you. Is not it, as it were, a marriage made above? They shall meet, I'm positive.

Med. Shall they? Then they must meet ~~where~~ the marriage was made; for, hang me, if I think it will ever happen below.

Sir C. Ha!—and if that is the case—hang me, if I think you'll ever be at the celebration of it.

Med. Yet, let me tell you, Sir Christopher Curry, my character is as unsullied as a sheet of white paper.

Sir C. Well said, old fool's cap! and it's as mere a blank as a sheet of white paper. You are honest, old Medium, by comparison, just as a fellow sentenced!

to transportation is happier than his companion condemned to the gallows—Very worthy, because you are no rogue ; tender hearted, because you never go to fires and executions ; and an affectionate father and husband, because you never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed.

Med. And that, as the world goes, is more than every man can say for himself. Yet, since you force me to speak my positive qualities—but, no matter,—you remember me in London. didn't I, as member of the Humane Society, bring a man out of the New River, who, it was afterwards found, had done me an injury ?

Sir C. And, damme, if I would not kick any man into the New River that had done me an injury. There's the difference of our honesty. Oms ! if you want to be an honest fellow, act from the impulse of nature. Why, you have no more gall than a pigeon.

Med. Ha ! You're always so hasty ; among the hodge-podge of your foibles, passion is always predominant.

Sir C. So much the better.—Foibles, quotha ? foibles are foils that give additional lustre to the gems of virtue. You have not so many foils as I, perhaps.

Med. And what's more, I don't want 'em, sir Christopher, I thank you.

Sir C. Very true, for the devil a gem have you to set off with 'em.

Med. Well, well ; I never mention errors ; that, I flatter myself, is no disagreeable quality.—It don't become me to say you are hot.

Sir C. 'Sblood ! but it does become you ; it becomes every man, especially an Englishman, to speak the dictates of his heart.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. An English vessel, sir, just arrived in the harbour.

Sir C. A vessel! Od's my life!—Now for the news—
—If it is but as I hope—Any dispatches?

Serv. This letter, sir, brought by a sailor from the quay.

Med. Well, read, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. [*opening the letter.*] Huzza! here it is. He's safe—safe and sound at Barbadoes. [*Reading*] Sir, *My master, Mr. Inkle, is just arrived in your harbour.* Here read, read! old Medium—

Med. [*reading*] Um—*Your harbour—we were taken up by an English vessel on the 14th ult. He only waits till I have puffed his hair, to pay his respects to you, and Miss. Narcissa—in the mean time he has ordered me to brush up this letter for your honour from your humble servant to command,*

TIMOTHY TRUDGE.

Sir C. Hey day! here's a stile! the voyage has jumbled the fellow's brains out of their places; the water has made his head turn round. But no matter, mine turns round, too. I'll go and prepare Narcissa directly, they shall be married, slap-dash, as soon as he comes from the quay. From Neptune to Hymen; from the hammock to the bridal bed—Ha! old boy!

Med. Well, well, dont flurry yourself—you're so hot!

Sir C. Hot! blood, arn't I in the West Indies? Arn't I Governor of Barbadoes? He shall have her as soon as he sets his foot on shore.—She shall rise to him like Venus out of the sea. His hair puffed! He ought to have been puffing, here, out of breath, by this time.

Med. Very true; but Venus's husband is always supposed to be lame, you know, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. Well, now do, my good fellow, run down to the shore, and see what detains him.

[*hurryng him off.*]

Med. Well, well; I will, I will.

[*exit.*]

Sir C. In the mean time, I'll get ready *Narcissa.*

and all shall be concluded in a second. My heart's set upon it. Poor fellow! after all his rambles, and tumbles, and jumbles, and fits of despair—I shall be rejoiced to see him. I have not seen him since he was that high.—But, zounds! he's so tardy!

Enter a servant.

Serv. A strange gentleman, sir, come from the quay, desires to see you.

Sir C. From the quay? Od's my life!—'Tis he—'Tis Inkle! Show him up, directly. [*exit servant*]
The rogue is expeditious after all. I'm so happy.

Enter Campley.

My dear fellow! [*embracing him*] I'm rejoiced to see you. Welcome; welcome here, with all my soul!

Camp. This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes.—Unknown to you—

Sir C. Aye, aye; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! Tell me! But old Medium and I have talked over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arrived.

Camp. You surprise me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

Sir C. Every tittle.

Camp. And, can you, sir, pardon what is past?

Sir C. Pooh! how could you help it?

Camp. Very true—sailing in the same ship—and—

Sir C. Aye, aye; but we have had a hundred conjectures about you. Your despair and distress, and all that—Your's must have been a damned situation, to say the truth.

Camp. Cruel indeed, Sir Christopher! and I flatter myself will move your compassion. I have been almost inclined to despair, indeed, as you say, but when you consider the past state of my mind—the black prospect before me.

Sir C. Ha! ha! Black enough, I dare say.

Camp. The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

Sir C. That I am convinced of—but I knew you would come the first opportunity.

Camp. Very true : yet the distance between the Governor of Barbadoes and myself. [*bowing.*]

Sir C. Yes—a devilish way asunder.

Camp. Granted, sir : which has distressed me with the cruellest doubts as to our meeting.

Sir C. It was a toss up.

Camp. The old gentleman seems devilish kind : Now to soften him. [*aside*] Perhaps, sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

Sir C. Who ? I ! sblood ! no, never in my life.

Camp. I wish you had, with all my soul, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. Upon my soul, sir, I am very much obliged to you. [*bowing.*]

Camp. As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

Sir C. Pooh ! pr'ythee ! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

Camp. Indeed ! If, with your leave, I may still venture to mention Miss Narcissa—

Sir C. An impatient, sensible young dog ! like me to a hair ! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's your's your's before to-morrow morning.

Camp. Amazement ! I can scarce believe my senses.

Sir C. Zounds ! you ought to be out of your senses : but despatch—make short work of it, ever while you live, my boy.

Enter Narcissa and Patty.

Here, girl : here's your swain. [*to Narcissa.*]

Camp. I just parted with my Narcissa, on the quay.

Sir C. Did you ! Ah, sly dog—had a meeting before you came to the old gentleman.—But here—Take him, and make much of him—and, for fear of further separations, you shall e'en be tack'd together directly. What say you, girl ?

Camp. Will my Narcissa consent to my happiness?

Nar. I always obey my father's commands, with pleasure, sir.

Sir C. Od! I'm so happy, I hardly know which way to turn; but we'll have the carriage directly; drive down to the quay; trundle old Spintext into church; and hey for matrimony!

Camp. With all my heart, Sir Christopher; the sooner the better.

Sir Christopher, Campley, Narcissa, Patty.

Sir C. Your Colinettes, and Arriettes,
Your Damons of the grove,
Who like Fallals, and Pastorals
Waste years in love!
But modern folks know better jokes,
And, courting once begun,
To church they hop at once—and pop—
Egad, all's done!

All. In life we prance a country dance,
Where every couple stands;
Their partners set—a while curvet—
But soon join hands.

Nar. When at our feet, so trim and neat,
The powder'd lover sues,
He vows he dies, the lady sighs,
But can't refuse.
Ah! how can she unmov'd e're see
Her swain his death incur?
If once the Squire is seen expire,
He lives with her.

All. In life, &c. &c.

Patty. When John and Bet are fairly met,
John boldly tries his luck.

He steals a buss, without more fuss,
 'The bargain's struck.
 Whilst things below are going so,
 Is Betty pray to blame?
 Who knows up stairs, her mistress fares
 Just, just the same.

All. In life we prance, &c. &c.



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

THE QUAY.

Enter Patty.

Patty. Mercy on us! what a walk I have had of it! Well, matters go on swimmingly at the governor's—The old gentleman has ordered the carriage. and the young couple will be whisk'd, here, to church, in a quarter of an hour. My business is to prevent young sobersides, young Inkle, from appearing, to interrupt the ceremony.—Ha! here's the Crown, where I hear he is hous'd. So now to find Trudge, and trump up a story, in the true style of a chambermaid. (*goes into the house.*) (*Paty within.*) I tell you it don't signify, and I will come up. (*Trudge, within.*) But it does signify, and you cant come up.

Re-enter Patty, with Trudge.

Patty. You had better say at once, I shan't.

Trudge. Well then, you shan't.

Patty. Savage! Pretty behaviour you have pick'd up among the Hottypots! Your London civility, like

London itself, will soon be lost in smoke, Mr. Trudge; and the politeness you have studied so long in Threadneedle-street, blotted out by the blacks you have been living with.

Trudge. No such thing; I practis'd my politeness all the while I was in the woods. Our very lodging taught me good manners; for I could never bring myself to go into it without bowing.

Patty. Don't tell me! A mighty civil reception you give a body, truly, after a six weeks parting.

Trudge. Gad, you're right; I am a little out here. to be sure (*kisses her.*) Well, how do you do?

Patty. Pshaw, fellow! I want none of your kisses.

Trudge. Oh! very well—I'll take it again. (*offers to kiss her.*)

Patty. Be quiet: I want to see Mr. Inkle: I have a message to him from Miss Narcissa. I shall get a sight of him, now, I believe.

Trudge. May be not. He's a little busy at present.

Patty. Busy—ha! Plodding! What he's at his multiplication again?

Trudge. Very likely; so it would be a pity to interrupt him, you know.

Patty. Certainly; and the whole of my business was to prevent his hurrying himself—Tell him, we shan't be ready to receive him, at the governor's, till to-morrow, d'ye hear?

Trudge. No?

Patty. No. Things are not prepared. The place isn't in order; and the servants have not had proper notice of the arrival.

Trudge. Oh! let me alone to give the servants notice—rat-tat-tat—It's all the notice we had in Threadneedle-street of the arrival of a visitor.

Patty. Threadneedle-street! Treadneedle-nonsense! I'd have you know we do every thing here with an air. Matters have taken another turn—Style! Style, sir, is required here, I promise you

Trudge. Turn—Style! And pray what style will serve your turn now, Madam Patty?

Patty. A due dignity and decorum, to be sure. Sir Christopher intends Mr. Inkle, you know, for his son-in-law, and must receive him in public form, (which can't be till to-morrow morning) for the honour of his governorship: why the whole island will ring of it.

Trudge. The devil it will!

Patty. Yes; they've talk'd of nothing but my mistress's beauty and fortune for these six weeks. Then he'll be introduced to the bride, you know.

Trudge. O, my poor master!

Patty. Then a public breakfast; then a procession; then, if nothing happens to prevent it, he'll get into church, and be married in a crack.

Trudge. Then he'll get into a damn'd scrape, in a crack. Ah! poor madam Yarico! My poor pilgarlic of a master, what will become of him! [*half aside.*]

Patty. Why, what's the matter with the booby?

Trudge. Nothing, nothing—he'll be hang'd for poly-bigamy.

Patty. Polly who?

Trudge. It must out—Patty!

Patty. Well?

Trudge. Can you keep a secret?

Patty. Try me!

Trudge. Then (*whispering*) my master keeps a girl.

Patty. Oh monstrous! another woman?

Trudge. As sure as one and one makes two.

Patty. (*aside*) Rare news for my mistress!—Why I can hardly believe it; the grave, sly, steady, sober Mr. Inkle, do such a thing!

Trudge. Pooh! it's always your sly, sober fellows, that go the most after the girls.

Patty. Well; I should sooner suspect you.

Trudge. Me? Oh Lord! he! he!—Do you think any smart, little, black-eyed wench, would be strack with re? [*conceitedly.*]

Patty. Pshaw! never mind your figure. Tell me how it happened?

Trudge. You shall hear: when the ship left us ashore, my master turned as pale as a sheet of paper. It isn't every body that's blest with courage, Patty.

Patty. True!

Trudge. However, I bid him cheer up; told him, to stick to my elbow: took the lead, and began our march.

Patty. Well?

Trudge. We had'nt gone far, when a damn'd one-eyed black boar, that grinn'd like a devil, came down the hill in a jog trot! My master melted as fast as a pot of pomatum!

Patty. Mercy on us!

Trudge. But what does I do, but whips out my desk knife, that I us'd to cut the quills with at home; met the monster, and slit up his throat like a pen—The boar bled like a pig.

Patty. Lord! Trudge, what a great traveller you are!

Trudge. Yes; I remember we fed on the flitch for a week.

Patty. Well, well; but the lady.

Trudge. The lady? Oh, true. By and by we came to a cave—a large hollow room, under-ground, like a warehouse in the Adelphi—Well! there we were half an hour, before I could get him to go in; there's no accounting for fear, you know. At last, in we went to a place hung round with skins, as it might be a furrier's shop, and there was a fine lady, snoring on a bow and arrows.

Patty. What, all alone?

Trudge. Eh!—No—no—Hum—She had a young lion by way of a lap-dog.

Patty. Gemini; what did you do?

Trudge. Gave her a jog, and she open'd her eyes she struck my master immediately.

Patty. Mercy on us! with what?

Trudge. With her beauty, you ninny, to be sure; and they soon brought matters to bear. The wolves witness'd the contract—I gave her away—The crows croak'd amen; and we had board and lodging for nothing.

Patty. And this is she he has brought to Barbadoes?

Trudge. The same.

Patty. Well; and tell me, Trudge; she's pretty, you say—Is she fair or brown? or——

Trudge. Um! she's a good comely copper.

Patty. How! a tawney?

Trudge. Yes, quite dark; but very elegant: like a Wedgwood tea-pot.

Patty. Oh! the monster! the filthy fellow! Live with a black-a-moor!

Trudge. Why, there's no great harm in't, I hope?

Patty. Faugh! I wou'dn't let him kiss me for the world: he'd make my face all smutty.

Trudge. Zounds! you are mighty nice all of a sudden; but I'd have you to know, madam Patty, that blackamoor ladies, as you call 'em, are some of the very few, whose complexions never rub off! S'bud, if they did, Wows and I shou'd have changed faces by this time—But mum; not a word for your life.

Patty. Not I! except to the Governor and family. (*aside*) But I must run—and, remember, Trudge, if your master has made a mistake here, he has himself to thank for his pains. [*exit.*]

Trudge. Pshaw! these girls are so plaguy proud of their white and red! but I won't be shamed out of Wows, that's flat. Master, to be sure, while we were in the forest, taught Yarico to read, with his pencil and pocket-book. What then? Wows comes on fine and fast in her lessons. A little awkward at first to be sure. Ha! ha! She's so used to feed with her hands, that I can't get her to eat her victuals, in a genteel, Christian way, for the soul of me; when she

has stuck a morsel on her fork, she don't know how to guide it; but pops up her knuckles to her mouth, and the meat goes up to her ear. But, no matter—After all the fine, flashy London girls, Wowski's the wench for my money.

A Clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls all cry'd, "He's quite the kick,"
Oh, jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey! for America I sail,
Yankee doodle deedle;
The sailor boys cry'd, "smoke his tail!"
Jemmy linkum feedle.
On English belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle daddle deedle;
And got a foreign Fair, quite Black,
O twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
May boast their pouting under-lip,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
My Wows wou'd beat a hundred such,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose upper-lip pouts twice as much,
Oh, pretty double wheedle!

It's my buy to deck her toes;
Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose:
Waving siddle seedle.

With jealousy I ne'er shall burst ;
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?
 A white Othello, I can trust
 A dingy Desdemona.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. A ROOM IN THE CROWN.

Enter Inkle.

Inkle. I know not what to think—I have given her distant hints of parting ; but still, so strong her confidence in my affection, she prattles on without regarding me. Poor Yarico ! I must not—cannot quit her. When I would speak, her look, her mere simplicity disarms me : I dare not wound such innocence. Simplicity is like a smiling babe ; which, to the ruffian, that would murder it, stretching its little, naked, helpless arms, pleads, speechless, its own cause. And yet Narcissa's family—

Enter Trudge.

Trudge. There he is, like a heau bespeaking a coat—doubting which colour to choose—sir—

Inkle. What now ?

Trudge. Nothing unexpected, sir :—I hope you won't be angry.

Inkle. Angry !

Trudge. I'm sorry for it : but I am come to give you joy, sir !

Inkle. Joy !—of what ?

Trudge. A wife, sir ; a white one.—I know it will vex you, but Miss Narcissa means to make you happy, to-morrow morning.

Inkle. To-morrow !

Trudge. Yes, sir ; and as I have been out of employ, in both my capacities, lately, after I have dressed your hair, I may draw up the marriage articles.

Inkle. Whence comes your intelligence, sir ?

Trudge. Patty told me all that has passed in the Governor's family, on the quay, sir. ... We

form, with the whole island to witness it.

Inkle. So public too!—Unlucky!

Trudge. There will be nothing but rejoicings, in compliment to the wedding, she tells me; all noise and uproar! Married people like it, they say.

Inkle. Strange! That I should be so blind to my interest, as to be the only person this distresses!

Trudge. They are talking of nothing else but the match, it seems.

Inkle. Confusion! How can I, in honour, retract?

Trudge. And the bride's merits—

Inkle. True!—A fund of merits!—I would not—but from necessity—a case so nice as this—I would not wish to retract.

Trudge. Then they call her so handsome.

Inkle. Very true! so handsome! the whole world would laugh at me: they'd call it folly to retract.

Trudge. And then they say so much of her fortune.

Inkle. O death! it would be madness to retract. Surely, my faculties have slept, and this long parting, from my Narcissa, has blunted my sense of her accomplishments. 'Tis this alone makes me so weak and wavering. I'll see her immediately. *[going.]*

Trudge. Stay, stay, sir, I am desir'd to tell you, the Governor won't open his gates to us till to-morrow morning, and is now making preparations to receive you at breakfast, with all the honours of matrimony.

Inkle. Well, be it so; it will give me time, at all events, to put my affairs in train.

Trudge. Yes; it's a short respite before execution; and if your honour was to go and comfort poor madam *Varico*—

Inkle. Damnation! Scoundrel, how dare you offer your advice?—I dread to think of her!

Trudge. I've done, sir, I've done—But I know I should blubber over Wows all night, if I thought of parting with her in the morning.

Inkle. Insolence! begone, sir!

Trudge. Lord, sir, I only—

Inkle. Get down stairs, sir, directly.

Trudge. (*going out.*) Ah! you may well put your hand to your head; and a bad head it must be, to forget that Madam Yarico prevented her countrymen from peeling off the upper part of it. [*aside.*]

[*exit.*]

Inkle. 'Sdeath, what am I about? How have I slumbered?—Is it I?—I—who, in London, laughed at the youngers of the town—and when I saw their chariots, with some fine, tempting girl, perked in the corner, come shopping to the city, would cry—Ah!—there sits ruin—there flies the Greenhorn's money! then wondered with myself how men could trifle time on women; or, indeed, think of any women without fortunes. And now, forsooth, it rests with *me* to turn romantic puppy, and give up all for love—Give up!—Oh, monstrous folly!—thirty thousand pounds!

Trudge. (*peeping in at the door.*)

Trudge. May I come in, sir?

Inkle. What does the booby want?

Trudge. Sir, your uncle wants to see you.

Inkle. Mr. Medium! show him up directly.

[*exit Trudge.*]

He must not know of this. To-morrow!—I wish this marriage were more distant, that I might break it to her by degrees! she'd take my purpose better, were it less suddenly delivered.

Enter Medium.

Med. Ah, here he is! Give me your hand, nephew! welcome, welcome to Barbadoes, with all my heart.

Inkle. I am glad to meet you here, uncle!

Med. That you are, that you are, I'm sure. Lord! when we parted last, how I wished we were in

a room together, if it was but the black hole ! I have not been able to sleep o'nights, for thinking of you. I've laid awake, and fancied I saw you sleeping your last, with your head in the lion's mouth, for a night-cap ; and I've never seen a bear brought over, to dance about the street, but I thought you might be bobbing up and down in its belly.

Inkle. I am very much obliged to you.

Med. Ay, ay, I am happy enough to find you safe and sound, I promise you. But you have a fine prospect before you now, young man. I am come to take you with me to Sir Christopher, who is impatient to see you.

Inkle. To-morrow, I hear, he expects me.

Med. To-morrow ! directly—this—moment—in half a second.—I left him standing on tip-toe, as he calls it, to embrace you ; and he's standing on tip-toe now in the great parlour, and there he'll stand till you come to him.

Inkle. Is he so hasty ?

Med. Hasty ! he's all pepper—and wonders you are not with him, before its possible to get at him. Hasty indeed ! Why, he vows you shall have his daughter this very night.

Inkle. What a situation !

Med. Why, It's hardly fair just after a voyage. But come, bustle, bustle, he'll think you neglect him. He's rare and touchy, I can tell you ; and if he once takes it in his head that you show the least slight to his daughter, it would knock up all your schemes in a minute.

Inkle. Confusion ! if he should hear of Yarico !

[*aside.*

Med. But at present you are all and all with him ; he has been telling me his intentions these six weeks : you'll be a fine warm husband, I promise you.

Inkle. This cursed connexion !

[*aside.*

Med. It is not for me, though, to tell you how to

play your cards; you are a prudent young man, and can make calculations in a wood.

Inkle. Fool! fool! fool! [aside.

Med. Why, what the devil is the matter with you?

Inkle. It must be done effectually, or all is lost; mere parting would not conceal it. [aside.

Med. Ah! now he's got to his damned square root again, I suppose, and old Nick would not move him—why, Nephew!

Inkle. The planter that I spoke with cannot be arrived—but time is precious—the first I meet—common prudence now demands it. I'm fixed; I'll part with her. [aside.] [exit

Med. Damn me, but he's mad! the woods have turned the poor man's brains; he's scalped and gone crazy! hoho! Inkle! nephew! gad, I'll spoil your arithmetic, I warrant me [exit.

SCENE III.—THE QUAY.

Enter Sir Christopher Curry.

Sir C. Ods my life! I can scarce contain my happiness. I have left them safe in church in the middle of the ceremony. I ought to have given Narcissa away, they told me; but I capered about so much for joy, that old Spintext advised me to go and cool my heels on the quay, till it was all over. Od, I'm so happy; and they shall see, now, what an old fellow can do at a wedding.

Enter Inkle.

Inkle. Now for dispatch! hark'ee, old gentleman! [to the Governor.

Sir C. Well, young gentleman?

Inkle. If I mistake not, I know your business here.

Sir C. 'Egad I believe half the island knows it, by this time.

Inkle. Then to the point—I have a female, whom I wish to part with.

Sir C. Very likely ; it's a common case now-a-days, with many a man.

Inkle. If you could satisfy me you would use her mildly, and treat her with more kindness than is usual—for I can tell you she's of no common stamp—perhaps we might agree.

Sir C. Oh! a slave ! faith now I think on't my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick lipped, fat nosed, squabby, dumpling dowdies, I dont much care if—

Inkle. And for her treatment—

Sir C. Look ye, young man ; I love to be plain : I shall treat her a good deal better than you would, I fancy ; for, though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue 'em from the hands of those who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.

Inkle. Fair words, old gentleman ; an Englishman won't put up an affront.

Sir C. An Englishman ! more shame for you ! men, who so fully feel the blessings of liberty, are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom.

Inkle. Let me assure you, Sir, 'tis not my occupation ; but for a private reason—an instant pressing necessity—

Sir C. Well, well, I have a pressing necessity, too ; I can't stand to talk now ; I expect company here presently ; but if you'll ask for me to-morrow, at the castle—

Inkle. The castle !

Sir C. Aye, sir, the castle ; the Governor's castle ; known all over Barbadoes.

Inkle. 'Sdeath, this man must be on the Governor's establishment—his steward, perhaps, and sent after

me, while Sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known—As 'tis I'll win this fellow to my interest. [*to him.*] One word more, sir—my business must be done immediately; and as you seem acquainted at the castle, if you should see me there—and there I mean to sleep to-night—

Sir C. The devil you do!

Inkle. Your finger on your lips; and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

Sir C. No! why not?

Inkle. Because, for reasons, which perhaps you'll know to-morrow, I might be injured with the Governor, whose most particular friend I am.

Sir C. So! here's a particular friend of mine, coming to sleep at my house, that I never saw in my life I'll sound this fellow. [*aside.*] I fancy, young gentleman, as you are such a bosom friend of the Governor's, you can hardly do any thing to alter your situation with him.

Inkle. Oh! pardon me; but you'll find that hereafter—besides, you, doubtless, know his character?

Sir C. Oh, as well as my own. But let's understand one another. You must trust me, now you've gone so far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair?

Inkle. I am—I see we shall understand each other. You know him too, I see, as well as I.—A very touchy, testy, hot old fellow.

Sir C. Here's a scoundrel! I hot and touchy! zounds! I can hardly contain my passion!—but I won't discover myself. I'll see the bottom of this—[*to him.*] Well now, as we seem to have come to a tolerable explanation—let's proceed to business—bring me the woman.

Inkle. No; there you must excuse me. I rather would avoid seeing her more: and wish it to be settled

without my seeming interference. My presence might distress her—You conceive me?

Sir C. Zounds! what an unfeeling rascal!—the poor girl's in love with him, I suppose. No, no, fair and open. My dealing's with you, and you, only; I see her now, or I declare off.

Inkle. Well then, you must be satisfied: yonder's my servant—ha—a thought has struck me. Come here, sir.

Enter Trudge.

I'll write my purpose and send it her by him. It is lucky that I taught her to decipher characters: my labour now is paid. [*takes out his pocket-book and writes*]—This is somewhat less abrupt; 'twill soften matters [*to himself*].—Give this to Yarico; then bring her hither with you. [*going*]

Trudge. I shall, sir.

Inkle. Stay; come back. This soft fool, un instructed, may add to her distress. his drivelling sympathy may feed her grief, instead of soothing it. When she has read this paper, seem to make light of it; tell her it is a thing of course, done purely for her good. I here inform her that I must part with her. D'ye understand your lesson.

Trudge. Pa—part with ma—dam Ya-ric-o!

Inkle. Why does the blockhead stammer! I have my reasons. No muttering—and let me tell you, sir, if your rare bargain were gone too, 'twould be the better: she may babble our story of the forest, and spoil my fortune.

Trudge. I'm sorry for it, sir: I have lived with you a long while; I've half a year's wages too due the 25th ultimo, due for dressing your hair and scribbling your parchments: but, take my scribbling, take my frizzing, take my wages; and I and Wows will take ourselves off together. She saved my life, and rot me if any thing but death shall part us.

Inkle. Impertinent! Go, and deliver your message.

Trudge. I'm gone, sir. Lord! lord! I never carried a letter with such ill will in all my born days.

[*exit.*]

Sir C. Well—shall I see the girl?

Inkle. She'll be here presently. One thing I had forgot. when she is yours, I need not caution you, after the hints I've given, to keep her from the castle. If Sir Christopher should see her, 'twould lead, you know, to a discovery of what I wish concealed.

Sir C. Depend upon *me*—Sir Christopher will know no more of our meeting, than he does at this moment.

Inkle. Your secrecy shall not be unrewarded: I'll recommend you, particularly, to his good graces.

Sir C. Thank ye, thank ye; but I'm pretty much in his good graces, as it is. I don't know any body he has a greater respect for.

Re-enter Trudge.

Inkle. Now, sir, have you performed your message?

Trudge. Yes, I gave her the letter.

Inkle. And where is Yarico? Did she say she'd come? Didn't you do as you were ordered? Dind't you speak to her?

Trudge. I couldn't, sir, I couldn't: I intended to say what you bid me—but I felt such a pain in my throat, I could'nt speak a word, for the soul of me; so, sir, I fell a crying.

Inkle. Blockhead!

Sir C. 'Sblood! but he's a very honest blockhead. Tell me, my good fellow, what said the wench?

Trudge. Nothing at all, sir. She sat down with her two hands clasped on her knees, and looked so pitifully in my face, I could not stand it. Oh, here she comes. I'll go and find Wows: if I must be melancholy, she shall keep me company. [*exit.*]

Sir C. Ods my life, as comely a wench as ever I saw.

Enter Yarico, who looks for some time in Inkle's face. bursts into tears, and falls on his neck.

Inkle. In tears' nay, Yarico! why this?

Var. Oh do not—do not leave me!

Inkle. Why, simple girl! I'm labouring for your good. My interest, here, is nothing. I can do nothing from myself, you are ignorant of our country's customs. I must give way to men more powerful, who will not have me with you. But see, my Varico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good person, who will protect you.

Var. Ah! why not you protect me?

Inkle. I have no means—how can I?

Var. Just as I sheltered you. Take me to yonder mountain, where I see no smoke from tall, high houses, filled with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes, there, will come to take me from you. And should they stray that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor cave; where many a day I sat beside you, and blessed the chance that brought you to it—that I might save your life.

Sir C. His life! Zounds! my blood boils at the scoundrel's ingratitude!

Var. Come, come, let's go. I always feared these cities. Let's fly and seek the woods, and there we'll wander hand in hand together. No cares shall vex us then—We'll let the day glide by in idleness, and you shall sit in the shade, and watch the sun beam playing on the brook, while I sing the song that pleases you. No cares, love, but for food—and we'll live cheerily, I warrant!—In the fresh, early morning, you shall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries—and then, at night, I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lie me down in peace—Oh! we shall be so happy!

Inkle. Hear me, Varico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. We were not born to live in woods and caves—to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts. We Christians, girl, hunt money; a thing unknown to you.—But, here, 'tis money which brings us ease, plenty, command, power, every thing; and of course happiness. You are the

bar to my attaining this; therefore 'tis necessary for my good--and which I think you value--

Yar. You know I do; so much, that it would break my heart to leave you.

Inkle. But we must part: if you are seen with me, I shall lose all.

Yar. I gave up all for you--my friends--my country; all that was dear to me. and still grown dearer since you sheltered there. All, all was left for you--and were it now to do again--again I'd cross the seas, and follow you, all the world over.

Inkle. We idle time; sir, she is your's. See you obey this gentleman; 'twill be the better for you.

Yar. O, barbarous! (*holding him*) Do not, do not abandon me! [going.]

Inkle. No more.

Yar. Stay but a little. I shan't live long to be a burden to you: your cruelty has cut me to the heart. Protect me but a little--or I'll obey this man, and undergo all hardships for your good. stay but to witness 'em. I soon shall sink with grief; tarry till then; and hear me bless your name when I am dying: and beg you, now and then, when I am gone, to heave a sigh for your poor Yarico.

Inkle. I dare not listen. You, sir, I hope, will take good care of her [going.]

Sir C. Care of her!--that I will--I'll cherish her like my own daughter: and pour balm into the heart of a poor, innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a scoundrel.

Inkle. Ha! 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you!

Sir C. 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you look an honest man in the face?

Inkle. Sir, you shall feel--

Sir C. Feel!--It's more than ever you did, I believe. Mean, sordid, wretch! dead to all sense of honour, gratitude, or humanity--I never heard of such

barbarity! I have a son-in-law, who has been left in the same situation; but, if I thought him capable of such cruelty, damme if I would not turn him to sea, with a peck loaf, in a corkle shell. Come, come, cheer up, my girl! You shan't want a friend to protect you, I warrant you *[taking Yurico by the hand]*.

Inkle. Insolence! The governor shall hear of this insult.

Sir C. The governor! liar! cheat! rogue! impostor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The governor never had such a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance - the governor disowns you - the governor disclaims you - the governor abhors you; and to your utter confusion, here stands the governor to tell you so. Here stands old Cury, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him.

Inkle. Sir Christopher! - Lost and undone!

Med. *[without.]* Hofo! Young Multiplication! Zounds! I have been peeping in every cranny of the house. Why, young Rule of Three! *[enters from the inn]* Oh, here you are at last - Ah, Sir Christopher! What are you there! too impatient to wait at home. But here's one that what will make you easy, I fancy. *[tapping Inkle on the shoulder]*.

Sir C. How came you to know him?

Med. Ha! ha! Well, that's curious enough too. So you have been talking here, without finding out each other.

Sir C. No, no; I have found him out with a vengeance.

Med. Not you. Why this is the dear boy. It's my nephew, that is; your son-in-law, that is to be. It's Inkle.

Sir C. It's a lie; and you're a purblind old booby - and this dear boy is a damned scoundrel.

Med. Hey-dey, what's the meaning of this? One was mad before, and he has bit the other, I suppose.

Sir C. But here comes the dear boy—the true boy—the jolly boy, piping hot from church, with my daughter.

Enter Campley, Narcissa, and Patty.

Med. Campley!

Sir C. Who? Campley;—it's no such thing.

Camp. That's my name, indeed, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. The devil it is! And how came you, sir, to impose upon me, and assume the name of Inkle? A name which every man of honesty ought to be ashamed of.

Camp. I never did, sir.—Since I sailed from England with your daughter, my affection has daily increased: and when I came to explain myself to you, by a number of concurring circumstances, which I am now partly acquainted with, you mistook me for that gentleman. Yet had I even then been aware of your mistake, I must confess, the regard for my own happiness would have tempted me to let you remain undeceived.

Sir C. And did you, Narcissa, join in—

Nar. How could I, my dear sir, disobey you?

Patty. Lord, your honour, what young lady could refuse a captain?

Camp. I am a soldier, sir Christopher. Love and War is the soldier's motto; though my income is trifling to your intended son-in-law's, still the chance of war has enabled me to support the object of my love above indigence. Her fortune, Sir Christopher, I do not consider myself by any means entitled to.

Sir C. 'Sblood? but you must though. Give me your hand, my young Mars, and bless you both together!—Thank you, thank you for cheating an old fellow into giving his daughter to a lad of spirit, when he was going to throw her away upon one, in whose breast the mean passion of avarice smothers the smallest spark of affection, or humanity.

Inkle. Confusion!

Nar. I have this moment heard a story of a transaction in the forest, which, I own, would have rendered compliance with your former commands very disagreeable.

Patty Yes, sir, I told my mistress he had brought over a hotty-pot gentlewoman.

Sir C. Yes, but he would have left her for you; [*to Narcissa*] and you for his interest; and sold you, perhaps, as he has this poor girl, to me, as a requital for preserving his life.

Nar. How!

Enter Trudge and Wowski.

Trudge. Come along, Wows! take a long last leave of your poor mistress: throw your pretty ebony arms about her neck.

Wows. No, no;—she not go; you not leave poor Wowski. [*throwing her arms about Yarico.*]

Sir C. Poor girl! a companion, I take it!

Trudge. A thing of my own, sir. I could'nt help following my master's example in the woods—Like master, like man, sir.

Sir C. But you would not sell her, and be hang'd to you, you dog, would you?

Trudge. Hang me, like a dog, if I would, sir.

Sir C. So say I, to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feeling of a man. But, old Medium, what have you to say for your hopeful nephew?

Med. I never speak ill of my friends, sir Christopher.

Sir C. Pshaw!

Inkle. Then let me speak: hear me defend a conduct—

Sir C. Defend! Zounds! plead guilty at once—it's the only hope of obtaining mercy.

Inkle. Suppose, old gentleman, you had a son?

Sir C. 'Sblood! then I'd make him an honest fellow; and teach him that the feeling heart never knows greater pride than when it's employed in giving succour to the unfortunate. I'd teach him to be his father's own son to a hair

Inkle. Even so my father tutored me: from infancy, bending my tender mind, like a young sapling, to his will.—Interest was the grand prop round which he twined my pliant green affections: taught me in childhood to repeat old sayings—all tending to his own fixed principles, and the first sentence that I ever lisped, was charity begins at home.

Sir C. I shall never like a proverb again, as long as I live.

Inkle. As I grew up, he'd prove—and by example—were I in want, I might even starve, for what the world cared for their neighbours; why then should I care for the world! men now lived for themselves. These were his doctrines: then, sir, what would you say, should I, in spite of habit, precept, education, fly into my father's face, and spurn his councils?

Sir C. Say! why, that you were a damned honest, undutiful fellow. O curse such principles! principles, which destroy all confidence between man and man—Principles, which none but a rogue could mistil, and none but a rogue could imbihe.—Principles—

Inkle. Which I renounce.

Sir C. Eh!

Inkle. Renounce entirely. Ill-founded precept too long has steeled my breast—but still 'tis vulnerable—this trial was too much—Nature, against habit combating within me, has penetrated to my heart: a heart, I own, long callous to the feelings of sensibility; but now it bleeds—and bleeds for my poor Yarico. Oh, let me clasp her to it, while 'tis glowing, and mingle tears of love and penitence. [*embracing her.*]

Trudge. (*capering about*) Wows, give me a kiss!

[*Wowski goes to Trudge.*]

Yar. And shall we—shall we be happy?

Inkle. Aye; ever, ever, Yarico.

Yar. I knew we should—and yet I feared—but shall I still watch over you? Oh! love, you surely

gave your Yarico such pain, only to make her feel this happiness the greater.

Wows. (*going to Yarico.*) Oh Wowski so happy!—and yet I think I not glad neither.

Trudge. Eh, Wows! How!—why not?

Wows. 'Cause I can't help cry.—

Sir C. Then, if that's the case—curse me, if I think I'm very glad either. What the plague's the matter with my eyes?—Young man, your hand—I am now proud and happy to shake it.

Med. Well, sir Christopher, what do you say to my hopeful nephew now?

Sir C. Say! why, confound the fellow, I say, that is ungenerous enough to remember the bad action of a man who has virtue left in his heart to repent it.—As for you, my good fellow, (*to Trudge*) I must, with your master's permission, employ you myself.

Trudge. O rare!—Bless your honour!—Wows! you'll be lady, you jade, to a governor's factotum.

Wows. Iss.—I lady Jacktotum.

Sir C. And now, my young folks, we'll drive home, and celebrate the wedding. Od's my life! I long to be shaking a foot at the fiddles, and I shall dance ten times the lighter, for reforming an Inkle, while I have it in my power to reward the innocence of a Yarico.

Campley. Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring:
Love scrapes the fiddle string,
And Venus plays the lute;
Hymen gay, foots away,
Happy at our wedding-day,
Cocks his chin, and figures in,
To tabor, fife, and flute.

Chorus. Come than, &c.

Narcissa. Since thus each anxious care
Is vanished into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear
To join the jocund dance?
To and fro, couples go,
On the light fantastic toe,
While with glee, merrily,
The rosy hour's advance.

Yarico. When first the swelling sea
Hither bore my love and me,
What then my fate would be,
Little did I think—
Doom'd to know care and woe,
Happy still is Yarico;
Since her love will constant prove,
And nobly scorn to shrink.

Wowski. Whilst all around rejoice,
Pipe and tabor raise the voice,
It can't be Wowski's choice,
Whilst Trudge's, to be dumb.
No, no, dey blythe and gay,
Shall like massy, missy play,
Dance and sing, hey ding, ding,
Strike fiddle and beat drum.

Trudge. 'Shobs! now I'm fix'd for love,
My fortune's fair, though black's my wife,
Who fears domestic strife—
Who cares now a sous!
Merry cheer my dingy dear
Shall find with her Factotum here:
Night and day, I'll frisk and play
About the house with Wows.

Inkle. Love's convert here behold,
Banish'd now my thirst of gold.

• Blessed in these arms to fold
My gentle Yarico.
Hence all care, all doubt and fear,
Love and joy each want shall cheer
Happy night, pure delight,
Shall make our bosoms glow.

Patty. • Let Patty say a word—
A chambermaid may sure be heard--
Sure men are grown absurd,
Thus taking black for white .
To hug and kiss a dingy miss,
Will hardly suit an age like this,
Unless, here, some friends appear,
Who like this wedding night.

THE END OF ISKLE AND YARICO

THE PADLOCK :

A Comic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS :

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Correctly given as performed at the Theatres Royales :

WITH REMARKS.



• *Mungo.* Go, get you down, you damn hamper,—
you carry me now. *Act 1. Scene 3.*

NEW YORK :

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES WILEY, NO. 3 WALL STREET, AND H.
C. CAREY, & L. LEA, AND M'CARTY & DAVIS, PHILADEL-
PHIA, AND SAM'L. H. HARPER, BOSTON.

.....
1825

REMARKS.

THIS pleasing entertainment was set to music by the late Mr. Charles Dibdin, who also played the part of Mungo, in so capital and original a style, as to contribute greatly to the very uncommon success of this piece, which was acted fifty-three nights during its first season. The plot is principally taken from a Spanish novel, by Cervantes, called "The Jealous Husband."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dion Diego	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Bellamy</i>
Leander	- - - - -	<i>Taylor.</i>
Mungo	- - - - -	<i>Blanchard</i>
Leonora	- - - - -	<i>Miss Bolton.</i>
Ursula	- - - - -	<i>Mrs. Davenport</i>

Scholars, &c.

SCENE—Salamanca

THE PADLOCK.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A GARDEN BELONGING TO DON DIEGO'S HOUSE.

Enter Don Diego, musing.

Air—Diego.

Thoughts to council—let me see—

Hum—to be, or not to be

A husband, is the question.

A cuckold ! must that follow ?

Say what men will,

Wedlock's a pill,

Bitter to swallow,

And hard of digestion.

But fear makes the danger seem double :

Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble

My peace, should I venture to try you ?

My doors shall be lock'd,

My windows be block'd ;

No male in my house,

Not so much as a mouse ;

Then horns, horns, I defy you

Diego. Ursula!

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Here, an't please your worship.

Diego. Where is Leonora?

Urs. In her chamber, sir.

Diego. There is the key of it; there the key of the best hall; there the key of the door upon the first flight of stairs; there the key of the door upon the second; this double locks the haich *below*; and this the door that opens into the entry

Urs. I am acquainted with every ward of them.

Diego. You know, Ursula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, she was to live in the house with me three months; at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thousand pistoles, either to return her to them spotless, with half that sum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.

Urs. And, I warrant you, they came secretly to inquire of me whether they might venture to trust your worship. "Lord!" said I, "I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Lammas, and never saw any thing uncivil by him in my life;" nor no more I ever did; and, to let your worship know, if I had, you would have mistaken your person; for I bless heaven, though I'm poor, I'm honest, and would not live with any man alive that should want to handle me unlawfully.

Diego. Ursula, I do believe it; and you are particularly happy, that both your age and your person exempt you from any such temptation. But be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after some little difficulty, consented to comply with my proposal; and, being fully satisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am resolved to fulfil my bond, by marrying her to-morrow

Urs. Heaven bless you together.

Diego During the time she has lived with me, she has never been a moment out of my sight: and now, tell me, Ursula, what have you observed in her?

Urs. All meekness and gentleness, your worship and yet, I warrant you, shrewd and sensible; 'egad, when she pleases, she can be as sharp as a needle.

Diego. You have not been able to discover any particular attachments?

Urs. Why, sir, of late I have observed——

Diego. Eh! how ' what?

Urs. That she has taken greatly to the young kitten.

Diego. O! is that all?

Urs. Ay, by my faith, I don't think she's fond of any thing else.

Diego Of me, Ursula?

Urs. Ay, ay, of the kitten, and your worship, and her birds, and going to mass. I have taken notice of late, that she is mighty fond of going to mass, as your worship lets her early of a morning.

Diego Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my resolution; I will not take her with me, because, having been used to confinement, and it being the life I am determined she shall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I shall return with the good folks to-morrow morning; in the mean time, Ursula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

Urs. I will, indeed, your worship; nay, if there is a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden——

Diego. Go, and send Leonora to me.

Air—Ursula.

I know the world, sir, though I say't:

I'm cautious and wise,
And they who surprise

My prudence nodding
Must sit up late.

Never fear, sir,
Your safety's here, sir :
Yes, yes,
I'll answer for miss.

Let me alone,
I warrant my care
Shall weigh to a hair,
As much as your own.

Diego. I dreamt last night that I was going to church with Leonora to be married, and that we were met on the road by a drove of oxen—Oxen—I don't like oxen ! I wish it had been a drove of sheep.

Enter Leonora, with a bird on her finger, which she holds in the other hand by a string. [retires.

Air—Leonora.

Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah ! whither would you wing
Your airy flight ?
Stay here, and sing,
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go :
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half so happy as with me ?

Diego. (coming forward,) Leonora.

Leon. (putting the bird into the cage,) Here I am.

Diego. Look me in the face, and listen to me attentively.

Leon. There.

Diego. I am going this evening to your father and mother, and I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of my journey. Are you willing to be my wife?

Leon. I am willing to do whatever you and my father and mother please.

Diego. But that's not the thing; do you like me?

Leon. Yes.

Diego. What do you sigh for?

Leon. I don't know.

Diego. When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little house, ill situated, and worse furnished; you had no servants, and were obliged, with your mother, to do the work yourself.

Leon. Yes; but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a walking into the fields.

Diego. Perhaps, you dislike confinement?

Leon. No, I don't, I am sure.

Diego. I say then, I took you from that mean habitation and hard labour, to a noble building, and this fine garden, where, so far from being a slave, you are absolute mistress; and instead of wearing a mean stuff gown, look at yourself, I beseech you; the dress you have on is fit for a princess.

Leon. It's very fine, indeed.

Diego. Well, Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated since you have been my companion; ask yourself, again now, whether you can be content to lead a life with me according to the specimen you have had?

Leon. Specimen!

Diego. Ay, according to the manner I have treated you—according——

Leon. I'll do whatever you please.

Diego. Then, my dear, give me a kiss

Leon. Good bye to you

Diego. Here, Ursula.

Air.

By some I am told
That I'm wrinkled and old,
But I will not believe what they say ;
I feel my blood mounting,
Like streams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play.

For love I have will
And ability still ;
Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain !
My diamond, my pearl—
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

[*exit.*

Leon. Heigho ! he's very good to me, to be sure, and it's my duty to love him, because we ought not to be ungrateful ; but I wish I was not to marry him for all that, though I'm afraid to tell him so. Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds ; but I'm sure they don't make happy ones ; a sparrow is happier in the fields, than a goldfinch in a cage. There is something makes me mighty uneasy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never saw any thing so ugly in my life—O dear now, why did I forget to ask leave to go to mass to-morrow ? I suppose, because he's abroad, Ursula won't take me—I wish I had asked leave to go to mass.

Air.

Was I a shepherd maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleased I'd watch the live-long day.
My eyes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold :
'Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

:

[*exit.*]

SCENE II A STREET IN SALAMANCA.

Enter Leander, and two Scholars, in their University gowns.

Leand. His name is Don Diego ; there's his house, like another monastery, or rather prison ; his servants are an ancient duenna, and a negro slave——

1st Schol. And after having lived fifty years a bachelor, this old fellow has picked up a young thing of sixteen, whom he by chance saw in a balcony !

2nd Schol. And are you in love with the girl ?

Leand. To desperation ; and I believe I am not indifferent to her ; for, finding that her jealous guardian took her to the chapel of a neighbouring convent every morning before it was light, I went there in the habit of a pilgrim, planting myself as near her as I could ; I then varied my appearance, continuing to do so from time to time, till I was convinced she had sufficiently remarked and understood my meaning.

1st Schol. Well, Leander, I'll say that for you, there is not a more industrious lad in the university of Salamanca, when a wench is to be ferreted.

2nd Schol. But pr'ythee, tell us now how did you get information ?

Leand. First from report, which raised my curiosity ; and afterwards from the negro I just now mentioned ; I observed that, when the family was gone to bed, he often came to air himself at yonder grate ; you

know I am no bad chanter, nor a very scurvy minstrel. so, taking a guitar, clapping a black patch on my eye, and a swathe upon one of my legs, I soon scraped acquaintance with my friend Mungo. He adores my songs and sarabands; and, taking me for a poor cripple, often repays me with a share of his allowance; which I accept, to avoid suspicion.

1st Schol. And so——

Leand. And so, sir, he hath told me all the secrets of his family; and one worth knowing: for he informed me last night, that his master will this evening take a short journey into the country, from whence he proposes not to return till to-morrow, leaving his young wife, that is to be, behind him.

2nd Schol. Zounds! let's scale the wall.

Leand. Fair and softly; I will this instant go and put on my disguise, watch for the Don's going out, attack my negro afresh, and try if, by his means, I cannot come into the house, or at least get a sight of my charming angel.

1st Schol. Angel! is she then so handsome?

Leand. It is time for us to withdraw: come to my chambers, and there you shall know all you can desire.

SCENE III. THE OUTSIDE OF DON DIEGO'S HOUSE; WHICH APPEARS WITH WINDOWS BARRED UP, AND AN IRON GRATE BEFORE AN ENTRY.

Enter Don Diego from the house, having first unlocked the door, and removed two or three bars which assisted in fastening it.

Diego. With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time; Leonora has never shown the least inclination to deceive me; besides, my old woman is prudent and

faithful, she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself; but suppose—suppose—by the rood of St. Francis, I will not leave it in her power to do mischief; a woman's not having it in her power to deceive you, is the best security for her fidelity, and the only one a wise man will confide in; fast bind, safe find, is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest; there is a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee; I will wait till the negro returns with the provisions he is gone to purchase; and clapping them all up together, make my mind easy by having the key, they are under in my pocket. [retires.

Enter Mungo, with a hamper.

Mun. Go, get you down, you damn hamper, you carry me now. Curse my old massa, sending me always here and dere for one something to make me tire like a mule—curse him imperance—and him damn insurance.

Diego. How now?

Mun. Ah, massa! bless your heart.

Diego. What's that you are muttering, sirrah?

Mun. Noting, massa, only me say you very good massa.

Diego. What do you leave your load down there for?

Mun. Massa, me lily tire.

Diego. Take it up, rascal.

Mun. Yes, bless your heart, massa.

Diego. No, lay it down: now I think on't, come hither.

Mun. What you say, massa?

Diego. Can you be honest?

Mun. Me no savee, massa, you never ax me before.

Diego. Can you tell truth?

Mun. What you give me, massa?

Diego. There's a pistreen for you; now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my house?

Mun. Ah, massa, a damn deal.

Diego. How! that I'm a stranger to?

Mun. No, massa, you lick me every day with your rattan; I'm sure, massa, that's mischief enough for poor neger man.

Diego. So, so.

Mun. La, massa, how could you have a heart to lick poor neger man, as you lick me last Thursday?

Diego. If you have not a mind I should chastise you now, hold your tongue.

Mun. Yes, massa, if you no lick me again.

Diego. Listen to me, I say.

Mun. You know, massa, me very good servant—

Diego. Then you will go on?

Mun. And ought to be use kine——

Diego. If you utter another syllable——

Mun. And I'm sure, massa, you can't deny but I worky worky—I dress a victuals, and run a errands, and wash a house, and make a beds, and scrub a shoes, and wait a table.

Diego. Take that. (*strikes him.*) Now will you listen to me?

Mun. La, massa, if ever I saw——

Diego. I am going abroad, and shall not return till to-morrow morning. During this night I charge you not to sleep a wink, but be watchful as a lynx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that if you hear the least noise you may alarm the family. Stay here, perverse animal, take care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and shall be out again in a moment. [*exit.*]

Mun. So, I must be stay in a cold all night, and have no sleep, and get no tanks neither; then him call me tief, and rogue, and rascal, to tempt me

Air.

Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led !
 A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed
 Night and day, 'tis de same,
 My pain is dere game :
 We wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'ers to be done,
 Poor blacky must run ;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere.
 Mungo every where ;
 Above and below,
 Sirrah, come ; sirrah, go ;
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh ! oh !

We wish to de Lord me was dead.

exit.

Re-enter Diego, with Ursula, who, after the negro goes in, appears to bolt the door on the inside: then Don Diego, unseen by them, puts on a large padlock and goes off. After which, Leander enters disguised.

Lean. So—my old Argus is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my design as I could wish. Now to attract my friend Mungo ; if he is within hearing of my guitar, I am sure he will quickly make his appearance.

Mun. (appears at the window) Who goes dere?—
 Hip ! hollo !

Leand. Heaven bless you, my worthy master, will your worship's honour have a little music this evening?

Mun. Stay you little—I come down.

[comes down to the grate.]

Leand. I have got a bottle of delicious cordial here,

given me by a charitable monk of a convent hard by: if your grace will please to taste it.

Mun. Give me a sup tro a grate; come close, man, don't be fear, old massa gone out, as I say last night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come, trike moosic, and give us song.

Leand. I'll give your worship a song I learned in Barbary, when I was a slave among the Moors.

Mun. Ay, do.

Leand. There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdallah Mahomet Scah, who had fifty wives, and three hundred concubines.

Mun. Poor man! what did he do wid 'em all?

Leand. Now this wicked Turk had a fair Christian slave named Jezabel, who not consenting to his beastly desires, he draws out his sabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he says to her. (*sings and plays*) Now you shall hear the slave's answer. (*sings and plays*) Now you shall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair slave's head. (*sings and plays again.*) Now you shall hear—

Mun. What signify me hear? me no understand.

Leand. Oh, you want something you understand? If your honour had said that—

Urs. (*appears at the window above*) Mungo! Mungo!

Mun. Some one call dere—

Urs. Mungo, I say.

Mun. What devil you want?

Urs. What lewd noise is that?

Mun. Lewd yourself—no lewd here; play away, never mind her.

Urs. I shall come down, if you go on.

Mun. Ay, come along, more merrier; nothing here but poor man; he sing for bit of bread.

Urs. I'll have no poor man near our door; harkye, fellow, can you play the Forfeaken Maid's Delight, or

Black Bess of Castile? Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me sing when I was young.

Mun. 'Gad, I am sure I hear your voice often enough now you old.

Urs. I could quaver like any blackbird.

Mun. And now you halloo like a screech-owl.
(Come, throw a poor soul a penny, he play a tune for you.

Urs. How did you lose the use of your leg?

Leand. In the wars, my good dame: I was taken by a Barbary corsair, and carried into Saltee, where I lived eleven years and three-quarters upon cold water and the roots of the earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: an infidel bought me for a slave: he gave me the strappado on my shoulders, and the bastinado on the soles of my feet: now, as I said before, this infidel Turk had fifty-three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Urs. Then he was an unreasonable villain.

Leon. (*appears at another window*) Ursula!

Urs. Odds my life, what's here to do! Go back, go back; fine work we shall have indeed! good man, good by.

Leon. I could not stay any longer by myself; pray let me take a little air at the grate.

Leand. Do, worthy madam, let the young gentleman stay; I'll play her a love-song for nothing.

Urs. No, no, none of your love-songs here; if you could play a saraband indeed, and there was room for one's motion—

Leand. I am but a poor man, but if your ladyship will let me in as far as the hall or the kitchen, you may all dance, and I shan't ask any thing.

Urs. Why, if it was not on my master's account, I should think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

Mun. Do, and let us dance.

Leand. Has madam the keys then?

Urs. Yes, yes, I have the keys

Leand. Have you the key of this padlock told madam? Here's a padlock upon the door, heaven help us, large enough for a state prison.

Urs. Eh—how—what, a padlock!

Mun. Here it is, I fell it; adod, it's a tumpet!

Urs. He was afraid to trust me then.

Mun. And if de house was a fire, we none of us get out to save ourselves.

Leand. Well, madam, not so disappoint you and the young lady, I know the back of your garden wall, and I'll undertake to get up at the outside of it, if you can let me down on the other.

Urs. Do you think you could with your lame leg.

Leand. O yes, madam, I am very sure.

Urs. Then by my faith you shall, for now I'm set on't—A padlock! Mungo, come with me into the garden.

[Mungo and Ursula going off, Leander and Leonora are left together. The first part of the quartetto is sung by them in duet; then Mungo and Ursula return one after another to the stations they had quitted.]

Leon. Pray, let me go with you.

Leand. Stay, charming creature: why will you fly the youth that adores you?

Leon. Oh, Lord! I'm frightened out of my wits!

Leand. Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has so often met you at church? I am that pilgrim; one who would change shapes as often as Proteus, to be blest with a sight of you.

Quartett—Leander, Leonora, Ursula, and Mungo.

Leand. O thou, whose charms enslave my heart!
In pity hear a youth complain.

Leon. I must not hear—dear youth depart—
I'm certain I have no desert

A gentleman like you to gain.

Leand. Then do I seek your love in vain?

Leon. It is another's right;

Leand. And he,

Distracting thought! must happy be,
While I am doom'd to pain.

Urs. Come round, young man, I've been to try.

Mun. And so have I.

I'm sure the wall is not too high
If you please,
You'll mount with ease.

Leand. Can you to aid my bliss deny?
Shall it be so?
If you say no,
I will not go.

Leon. I must consent, however loth:
But whenever we desire,
Make him promise to retire.

Urs. Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.

Leand. By your eyes of heavenly blue,
By your lips' ambrosial dew;
Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend:
Your voice, the music of the spheres—

Mun. Lord o' mercy how he swears!
He makes my hairs
All stand an end!

Urs. Come, that's enough, ascend, ascend.
Let's be happy while we may:
Now the old one's far away,
Laugh, and sing, and dance and play;
Harmless pleasure, why delay?

[*exceum*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A HALL IN DON DIEGO'S HOUSE, WITH FOLDING-DOORS, WHICH OPEN IN THE BACK SCENE. ON ONE SIDE A STAIR CASE, LEADING TO AN APARTMENT, BY WHICH THE CHARACTERS PASS UP AND DOWN; ON THE OTHER, A DOOR LEADING TO A CELLAR, WHICH IS SO CONTRIVED, THAT A BOTTLE AND GLASS, TWO CANDLES, A GUITAR, AND LEANDER'S DISGUISE, MAY BE PLACED UPON IT.

Enter Ursula, followed by Leander in a rich habit.

Urs. Oh, shame! out upon't, sir, talk to me no more; I that have been famed throughout all Spain, as I may say, for virtue and discretion; the very flower and quintessence of duennas! you have cast a blot upon me, a blot upon my reputation, that was as fair as a piece of white paper; and now I shall be reviled, pointed at; nay, men will call me filthy names upon your account.

Leand. What filthy names will they call you?

Urs. They'll say I'm an old procuress.

Leand. Fie, fie, men know better things—besides, though I have got admittance into your house, be assured I shall commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiscretion, let love be my excuse.

Urs. Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

Leand. You, my sweet Ursula, have known what it is to be in love, and I warrant have had admirers often at your feet; your eyes still retain fire enough to tell me that.

Urs. They tell you no lie; for, to be sure, when I was a young woman, I was greatly sought after; nay, it was reported that a youth died for love of me; one Joseph Perez, a taylor by trade, of the greyhound make, lank; and, if my memory fail me not, his right shoulder about the breadth of my hand higher than his left: but he was upright as an arrow, and, by all accounts, one of the finest workmen at a button-hole. •

Leand. But where is Leonora?

Urs. Where is she? by my troth, I have shut her up in her chamber, under three bolts and a double lock.

Leand. And will you not bring us together?

Urs. Who I?—How can you ask me such a question? Really, sir, I take it extremely unkind.

Leand. Well, but you misapprehend—

Urs. I told you just now, that if you mentioned that to me again, it would make me sick; and so it has, turned me upside down as it were.

Leand. Indeed, my best friend——

Urs. Oh, oh, hold me, or I shall fall.

Leand. I will hold you.

Urs. And do you feel any compassion for me?

Leand. I do.

Urs. Why truly you have a great deal to answer for, to bring tears into my eyes at this time o' day; I am sure they are the first I have shed since my poor husband's death.

Leand. Nay, don't think of that now.

Urs. For you must understand, sir, to play a trick upon a grave, discreet matron——And yet, after all, by my faith, I don't wonder you should love the young thing under my care; for it is one of the sweetest conditioned souls that ever I was acquainted with; and between ourselves, our donnee is too old for such a babe.

Leand. Ursula, take this gold.

Urs. For what, sir?

Leand. Only for the love of me.

Urs. Nay, if that be all, I won't refuse it; for I love you, I assure you; you put me so much in mind of my dear husband; he was a handsome man; I remember he had a mole between his eye-brows, about the bigness of a hazel nut; but I must say you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance.

Leand. The old beldam grows amorous— [aside.

Urs. Lord love you, you're a well-looking young man.

Leand. But Leonora—

Urs. Ha, ha, ha! but to pretend you were lame.— I never saw a finer leg in my life.

Leand. Leonora!

Urs. Well, sir, I'm going.

Leand. I shall never get rid of her. [aside.

Urs., Sir——

Leand. How now?

Urs. Would you be so kind, sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a salute?

Leand. Ugh! [salutes her.

Urs. Gad-a-mercy, your cheek—Well, well, I have seen the day; but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now; however, sir, you might have had the politeness when a gentlewoman made the offer. [exit.

Enter Mungo.

Mun. Ah! massa—You brave massa, now; what you do here wid de old woman?

Leand. Where is your young mistress, Mungo?

Mun. By Gog, she lock her up. But why you no tell me before time you a gentleman?

Leand. Sure I have not given the purse for nothing.

Mun. Purse! what, you given her money den? curse her imperance, why you no give it me?—you give me something as well as she. You know, massa, you see me first.

Leand. There, there; are you content?

Mun. Me get supper ready, and now me go to de

cellar—But I say, massa, ax de old man now, what good him watching do, him bolts and him bars, him walls and him padlock?

Leand. Hist! Leonora comes.

Mun. But, massa, you say you teach me play

Air.

Let me, when my heart a sinking,
Hear de sweet guitar a clinking;
When a string speak,
Such moosic he make,
Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,
Of a merry flute,
And cymbalo,
And tymbalo,
To boot,
We dance and we sing,
Till we make a house ring,
And, tied in his garters, old massa may swing.
[*exit.*]

Re-enter Leonora, with Ursula.

Leand. Oh, charming Leonora, how shall I express the rapture of my heart upon this occasion? I almost doubt the kindness of that chance which has brought me thus happily to see you, to speak to you without restraint.

Urs. Well, but it must not be without restraint, it can't be without restraint, it can't, by my faith—now you are going to make me sick again.

Leon. La, Ursula, I durst to say the gentleman doesn't want to do me any harm—do you, sir? I'm sure I would not hurt a hair of his head, nor nobody's else, for the lucre of the whole world.

Urs. Come, sir, where is your lute? You shall see me dance a saraband; or if you'd rather have a song—or the child and I will have a minuet, if you choose grace before agility.

Leand. This fulsome harriidan——I wish she was at the devil. *[aside]*

Leon. Ursula, what's the matter with you?

Urs. What's the matter with me! Marry come up, what's the matter with you? Signor Diego can't show such a shape as that; well, there is nothing I like better than to see a young fellow with a well-made leg.

Leand. Pr'ythee, let us go away from her.

Leon. I don't know to do it, sir.

Leand. Nothing more easy; I will go with my guitar into the garden; 'tis moonlight: take an opportunity to follow me there: I swear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

Leon. No, sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman such as you are; and that have taken so much pains to come after me; and I should hold myself very ungrateful, if I did not do any thing to oblige you, in a civil way.

Leand. Then you'll come?

Leon. I'll do my best endeavours, sir.

Leand. And may I hope that you love me?

Urs. Come, come, what colleaguings here? I must see how things are going forward; besides, sir, you ought to know that it is not manners to be getting into corners, and whispering before company.

Leand. Pshaw!

Urs. Any man may say your pleasure, sir, but I'm sure what ~~my~~ ^{you} is the right thing; I should hardly choose to venture in a corner with you myself; nay, I would not do it, I protest and vow.

Leand. Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depend

upon the blessing of your opinion; do you desire
to put an end to my days?

Leon. No, indeed, indeed, I don't.

Leand. But then

In vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue:
Its source dried up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist, depriv'd of you.

• [*crit.*]

Urs. Let me sit down a little—come hither, child,
I am going to give you good advice, therefore listen to
me, for I have more years over my head than you.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urs. What then?—Marry, then you must mind
what I say to you—as I said before—but I say
—what was I saying?

Leon. I'm sure, I don't know.

Urs. You see the young man that is gone out there;
he has been telling me that he's dying for love of you;
can you find in your heart to let him expire?

Leon. I'm sure I won't do any thing bad.

Urs. Why, that's right; you learned that from me;
have I not said to you a thousand times, never do any
thing bad? have I not said it? answer me that.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urs. Very well, listen to me; your guardian is old,
and ugly, and jealous, and yet he may live longer than
a better man.

Leon. He has been very kind to me for all that,
I respect him, and I ought to strive to please him.

Urs. There again; have I not said to you a thousand times that he was very kind to you, and you ought to strive to please him? It would be a hard thing to be preaching from morning till night without any profit.

Leon. Well, Ursula, after all, I wish this gentleman had never got into the house, heaven send no ill comes of it.

Urs. Ay, I say so too; heaven send it; but I'm cruelly afraid; for how shall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inside of the wall, whatever he did the out.

Leon. O Lord! won't he?

Urs. No, by my conscience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a piece, he'd twist them every one, if he finds him here; for my part, the best I expect, is, to end my old days in a prison.

Leon. You don't say so?

Urs. I do, indeed; and it kills me to think of it; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

Leon. I have promised to go with him into the garden.

Urs. Nay, you may do any thing now, for we are undone; though I think if you could persuade him to get up the chimney, and stay on the roof of the house until to-morrow night, we might then steal the keys from your guardian; but I'm afraid you won't be able to persuade him.

Leon. I'll go down upon my knees.

Urs. Find him out, while I step up stairs.

Leon. Pray for us, dear Ursula.

Urs. I will, if I possibly can.

Air—Leonora

Oh me, oh me, what shall we do
The fault was all along of you

- You brought him in, why did you so?
'Twas not by my desire, you know.
We have but too much cause to fear
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all; indeed, he will.
No penitence will pardon procure,
He'll kill us every soul, I'm sure.

[*exeunt.*]

The stage becomes dark; enter Don Diego, groping his way, with the padlock in his hand.

Diego. All dark, all quiet; gone to bed and fast asleep, I warrant them; however, I am not sorry that I altered my first intention of staying out the whole night; and meeting Leonora's father on the road was at any rate a lucky incident. I will not disturb them: but, since I have let myself in with my master-key, go softly to bed; I shall be able to strike a light, and then I think I may say my cares are over. Good heavens! what a wonderful deal of uneasiness may mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are some men who would have gone out in my situation, and, trusting to the goodness of fortune, left their house and their honour in the care of an inexperienced girl, or the discretion of a mercenary servant. While he is abroad he is tormented with fears and jealousies; and when he returns home, he probably finds disorder, and perhaps shame. But what do I do? I put a padlock on my door, then all is safe.

Enter Mungo, from the cellar, with a flask in one hand, and a candle in the other.

Mun. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Diego. Hold; didn't I hear a noise?

Mun. Hola!

Diego. Heaven and earth! what do I see?

Mun. Where are you, young massa and missy -
Here wine for supper

Diego. I'm thunderstruck!

Mun. My old massa little tink we be so merry—hic—hic—What's the matter with me! the room turn round.

Diego. Wretch, do you know me?

Mun. Know you?—damn you.

Diego. Horrid creature! what makes you here at this time of night? Is it with a design to surprise the innocents in their beds, and murder them sleeping?

Mun. Hush, hush—make no noise—hic—hic

Diego. The slave is intoxicated

Mun. Make no noise, I say; dere's young gentle man wid young lady; he play on guitar, and she like him better dan she like you. F'al, lal, lal.

Diego. Monster, I'll make an example of you.

Mun. What you call me names for, you old dog!

Diego. Does the villain dare to lift his hand against me?

Mun. Will you fight?

Diego. He's mad

Mun. Dere's one in de house, you little tink. 'Gad, he do you business.

Diego. Go, lie down in your sty, and sleep.

Mun. Sleep! sleep youself; you drunk—ha, ha, ha! Look, a padlock: you put a padlock on a door again, will you?—Ha, ha, ha!

Diego. Didn't I hear music?

Mun. Hic—hic—

Diego. Was it not the sound of a guitar?

Mun. Yes, he play on the guitar rarely.—Give me hand; you're old rascal—an't you?

Diego. What dreadful shock affects me? a mist comes over my eyes, and my knees knock together as if I had got a fit of the shaking palsy.

Mun. I tell you a word in your ear.

Diego. Has any stranger broke into my house?

Mun. Yes, by—hic— a fine young gentleman, he now in a next room with miss

Diego: Holy St. Francis!

Mun. Go you round softly—you catch them together.

Diego. Confusion! Distraction! I shall run mad.
[*exit.*]

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. O shame, monstrous! you drunken swab, you have been in the cellar, with a plague to you.

Mun. Let me put my hands about your neck—

Urs. Oh, I shall be ruined! Help, help; ruin, ruin!

Re-enter Leander and Leonora.

Leon. Goodness me, what's the matter?

Urs. Oh, dear child, this black villain has frightened me out of my wits; he has wanted—

Mun. Me! curse a heart, I want nothing wid her—what she say I want for—

Leon. Ursula, the gentleman says he has some friends waiting for him at the other side of the garden wall, that will throw him over a ladder made of ropes, which he got up by.

•Duet—Leander and Leonora.

Leand. Then must I go?

Leon. Yes, good sir, yes.

Leand. A parting kiss!

Leon. No, good sir, no.

Leand. It must be so.

By this, and this,
Here I could for ever grow.
'Tis more than mortal bliss.

Leon. Well, now good night;
Pray ease our fright:
You're very bold, sir;
Let loose your hold, sir:
I think you want to scare me quite.

Leand. Oh fortune's spright!

Leon. Good night, good night!

Hark ! the neighb'ring convent's bell
Tolls, the vesper hour to tell ;
The clock now chimes ;
A thousand times,
A thousand times, farewell !

Re-enter Don Diego.

Diego. Stay, sir, let nobody go out of the room.
Urs. (falling down) Ah ! ah ! a ghost ! a ghost !

Diego. Woman, stand up.

Urs. I won't, I won't : murder ! don't touch me.

Diego. Leonora, what am I to think of this ?

Leon. Oh, dear sir, don't kill me.

Diego. Young man, who are you, who have thus clandestinely, at an unseasonable hour, broke into my house ? Am I to consider you as a robber, or how ?

Leon. As one whom love has made indiscreet ; of one whom love taught industry and art to compass his designs. "I love the beautiful Leonora, and she me ; but, further than what you hear and see, neither one nor the other have been culpable.

Mun. Hear him, hear him.

Leand. Don Diego, you know my father well, Don Alphonso de Luna. I am a scholar of this university, and am willing to submit to whatever punishment he, through your means, shall inflict ; but wreak not your vengeance here.

Diego. Thus then my hopes and cares are at once frustrated : possessed of what I thought a jewel, I was desirous to keep it for myself ; I raised up the walls of this house to a great height ; I barred up my windows toward the street ; I put double bolts on my doors ; I banished all that had the shadow of man or male kind ; and I stood continually sentinel over it myself, to guard my suspicion from surprise : thus secured, I left my watch for one little moment, and in that moment—

Leon. Pray, pray, guardian, let me tell you the story. and you'll find I am not to blame.

Diego. No, child, I only am to blame, who should have considered that sixty and sixteen agree ill together. But, though I was too old to be wise, I am not too old to learn; and so, I say, send for a smith directly, beat all the grates from my windows, take the locks from my doors, and let egress and regress be given freely.

Leon. And will you be my husband, sir?

Diego. No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better husband: here, young man, take her if your parents consent, to-morrow shall see you joined in the face of the church; and the dowry which I promised her, in case of failure on my side of the contract, shall now go with her as a marriage portion.

Leand. Signor, this is so generous—

Diego. No thanks; perhaps I owe acknowledgments to you; but you, Ursula, have no excuse, no passion to plead, and your age should have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns, but never let me see you more.

Mun. And what you give me, massa?

Diego. Bastinadoes, for your drunkenness and infidelity. Call in my neighbours and friends. Oh, man! man! how short is your foresight; how ineffectual your prudence; while the very means you use are destructive of your ends!

FINALE.

Diego. Go, forge me fetters, that shall bind
The rage of the tempestuous wind;
Sound with a needle full of thread
The depth of ocean's steepy bed;
Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;
Quench Etna with a cup of tea;—
In these manœuvres show your skill,
'Then hold a woman if you will.

Chor. In these manœuvres, &c.

Mrs. Permit me to put in a word:
My master here is quite absurd:
That man should rule our sex is inert,
But art, not force, must do the feat;
Remember what the fable says,—
Where the sun's warm and melting rays,
Soon bring about what wind and rain,
With all their fuss, attempt in vain.

Chor. Soon bring about, &c.

Mrs. And massa, be not angry pray,
If neger man a word should say;
Me have a fable put as she,
Which wid dis matter will agree:
An owl once took it in his head,
Wid some young pretty bird to wed;
But when his worship came to woo,
He could get none but the cuckoo.

Chor. But when his worship, &c.

Leon. Ye youth select, who wish to taste
The joys of wedlock pure and chaste,
Ne'er let the mistress and the friend
In abject slave, and tyrant, end.
While each with tender passion burns,
Ascend the throne of rule by turns;
And place (to love, to virtue, just)
Security in mutual trust.

Chor. And place, &c.

Leon. To sum up all you now have heard,
Young men and old peruse the bard
A female trusted to your care,
His rule is pithy, short, and clear:

Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfined;
And clap your padlock on her mind.

Chor. Be to her faults, &c.

recant.

*The following Airs are usually omitted in the
repr. sentation.*

Air—Leander.

Hither, Venus, with your doves,
Hither, all ye little loves;
Round me light your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.

Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars, should then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

Air—Ursula.

When a woman's front is wrinkled
And her hairs are sprinkled
With grey,
Lack-a day!
How her lovers fall away!
Like fashions past
Aside she's cast,
No one respect will pay
Remember,
Lasses, remember.

And while the sun shines make hay.
 You must not expect, in December,
 The flowers you gather'd in May.

Air—Diego.

Oh, wherefore this terrible flurry
 My spirits are all in a hurry!
 And above and below,
 From my top to my toe,
 Are running about, hurry scurry.

My heart in my bosom a bumping,
 Goes thumping,
 And jumping,
 And thumping;
 Is a spectre I see?
 Hence, villain!—Ah me!
 My senses deceive me;
 Soon reason will leave me;
 What a wretch am I destin'd to be!

THE END OF THE PADLOCK.

OF AGE 'TO-MORROW:

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

IN TWO ACTS

As performed at the Drury Lane and New York Theatres,

FROM THE PROMT BOOK.



NEW YORK .

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A. CAREY, & I. LEA, AND McCARTY & DAVIS, PHILADEL-
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PROLOGUE.

IN this hobgoblin'd and be-spectred age,
Where all that's wondrous occupies the stage,
Where oceans foam without a single wave,
And colour'd beads enchant that never shave,
Where brown surtouts the hero's garb denotes,
And ghosts perambulate in petticoats;
Where armies without number, well are chosen,
And kingdoms conquer'd by some brave half dozen.
Where bells and trumpets, screams and conflagration
Exceed the finest flowers of declamation.
Where living objects, too, supply our wants,
Cows, camels, steeds, pigs, apes, and elephants!
While thus our drama struts a birth-day beau,
And plays spectacles are, like lord mayor's show,
What could an author do who wrote by rule,
Stiff in the trammels of the grecian school?
Where one eternal scene alone you trace
In dull conformity to time and place.
What must an author do who boasts of neither.
Transgressing form and fashion altogether?
Such is our case, with taste, with reason scarce.
We boast of nothing but a plain broad farce
'To raise a titter is our sole pretence,
And oddity's our substitute for sense.
Ah! cries old Dawdle to his older wife,
My dear, my duck, my daily bread, my life,
What says my chuck? once we were fond of play.
But, ah! one's fond of nothing now-a-days.
'To see our Garrick how we long'd you know-
Ah! chuck—I've left off longing long ago

Young miss and master tell a different tale,
And thus o'er Goody Grannum would prevail—
Dear grandmamma, what makes you so complain :
For my part I could live in Drury-Lane.
And so could I, with brother—'tis so fine,
To see Pizarro's soldiers how they shine.
'Tis the brave Rolla murder'd by his foes,
And the poor little child with bloody nose.
Aye, sister, but I like the lady best,
Who clammers up the house-top all so drest,
And waves her handkerchief to see the throng,
Come galloping and galloping along.
Well, dame, to please the chits, we'll hobble there.
Aye, chuck, with you I'll hobble any where ;
And though we can't expect what once we had,
Resolve to like it whether good or bad.

Take a kind hint, then, from this good old pair, ,
And what you might condemn, resolve to spare,
For though no pompous march we bring to-night,
Nor grand procession charm your wond'ring sight ;
A few soft airs shall help to banish sorrow,
So youth may smile to-day, and Age To-morrow.

“ DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Frederic Baron Willinhurst	- -	<i>Mr. Twaits.</i>
Baron Piffleberg	- - - - -	<i>Harwood.</i>
Molkus	- - - - -	<i>Darley.</i>
Friz	- - - - -	<i>Allen.</i>
Servant,	- - - - -	
Lady Brumback	- - - - -	<i>Mrs. Oldmixon.</i>
Sophia	- - - - -	<i>White.</i>
Maria	- - - - -	<i>Miss Dellinger.</i>

SCENE— *Germany.*

Time—-that of the action.

OF AGE TO-MORROW.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I

THE HALL OF AN HOTEL — SEVERAL DOORS LEADING TO
DIFFERENT APARTMENTS.

Maria, Frederic, and Molkus, (with tea tray) discovered.

TRIO—*Maria, Frederic, Molkus.*

Maria rings a bell.

Bless me ! where's the fellow staying,

My lady's coffee thus delaying ?

Fred. Hark'ee damsel.

Mar. Molkus ! how the varlet stands humdrum-
ming.

Mol. Here am I, so fast I'm coming !

Fred. Pray, miss, listen ; only hear me.

Mar. How he stands, and wont come near me

Mol. For the cash I do what could.

Mar. How the blockhead makes me wait !

Mol. How her ladyship will scold !

Fred. How he eyes the tempting bar

Mol. How I wish I had that gold !

Mar. Give it me, and cease your prating !

Fred. There's a secret who can sell me .

Mar. Keeping people thus in waiting !

Fred. This is yours, if once you tell me.

All. Keeping people thus in waiting.

At the end of the trio, Maria takes the tray, and exit—

Mol. is going.

Fred. My dear friend, never mind that girl, I want to know——

Mol. You want to know—yes, I can tell you, and can you pay.

Fred. Yes—here. (*gives a purse.*) Who are the ladies I have seen in this hotel.

Mol. Dat is impossible to be told, you have seen so many.

Fred. But the ladies who are here now :

Mol. Dere is nobody here now, so I will tell the secret. The first lady is lady Maria, the chamber-maid ; the next is the old lady Brumback——

Fred. Psha ! I mean the angel !

Mol. Ah, de angel ! de angel hang over de door, it be de sign of de house, and is as black as de tevil !

Fred. Damn the door ! I mean the angel with the grecian face, lily bloom, and a neck as graceful as the swan's.

Mol. Dere is the swan with two graceful necks in the next street.

Fred. I mean the young lady—who is she ?

Mol. She is my young mistress.

Fred. And her name——

Mol. Her name is the name of her moder.

Fred. Do you know nothing more ?

Mol. Yes ; I know——

Fred. What, my good fellow ? What do you know ?

Mol. I know—that if I stand shatter here, my break-

last will be spoil—and I am hungry, for I never eat nothing before my breakfast. *[exit.]*

Fred. Pretty information, faith! how the deuce shall I contrive to see the dear girl with whom I am in love to distraction? (*peeps through the key-hole.*) here's a green sofa, but nobody on it—a large glass, but nobody before it, that's odd, since there are women in the room—egad, I'll take t'other peep.

[going towards the door.]

Maria comes out suddenly, and runs against him.

Mar. I hope I haven't hurt you, sir?

Fred. Only with your eyes—I have been in love with you these seven years, have discovered you at last, and now am dying to know the name of—

Mar. Oh, sir, my name is Maria, at your service.

Fred. I knew that, my dear, half a year ago—but it is your young mistress's name I want to know.

Mar. And is it customary, when a young gentleman has been in love seven years with the maid, to want to know the name of the mistress?

Fred. O yes! that is a rule with me.

Mar. Pray, sir, where may you have seen this young lady, whose name you are so anxious to know?

Fred. At church yesterday, for the first time.

Mar. The acquaintance is rather young!

Fred. Well, and she is young, and I am young, and I shall love her for ever.

Mar. Such constancy is unusual in gentlemen of your age. This reminds me of my faithless swain—ah! I had a sweetheart once myself, and when another attracted him—

Fred. Another attract him from you! impossible! what could he say for himself?

Mar. He said nothing; but I'll tell you what I said to him,

SONG—*Maria*.

While I hang on your bosom distracted to lose you.
 High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
 Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you!
 Did I ever upbraid you? oh, no, my love, no.

I own it would please me, at home could you tarry,
 Nor e'er feel a wish from *Maria* to go,
 But if to give pleasure to you, my dear *Harry*,
 Shall I blame your departure? oh, no, my love, no.

Now do not, dear *Hal*, while abroad you are straying,
 That heart which is mine on a rival bestow,
 Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
 Do you think I suspect you? oh, no, my love, no.

I believe you too kind, for one moment to grieve me,
 Or, plant in a heart that adores you, such woe;
 Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
 Should I e'er cease to love you? oh, no, my love, no.

Fred. Faithless, indeed! quite the reverse of me!
 and now my bewitching little chambermaid—tell your
 charming mistress that I have neither father nor
 mother, that my fortune is large, I shall be of Age
 To-morrow, and then *Frederic Baron Willinhurst* may
 do as he pleases.

Mar. Now, if my mistress could do as she pleased—

Fred. She would marry me of course.

Mar. Why, I don't know—you are not very ugly—you say you are rich, and I'm sure you don't want assurance—so you have some chance of success.

Fred. Well, then, take this letter—

Mar. Is it not directed to any body.

Fred. Give it to the lady, and tell her—

Mar. That being your own master to-morrow, you will marry her the next day.

Fred. The next day!—the same day!—the moment I quit minority I'll submit to government.

Mar. That's almost impossible.

Fred. How so?

Mar. Because, when the niece marries, the aunt, according to the will of a rich relation, forfeits half her fortune; beside which she wants to go to church herself with a husband, for the third time—and is so fearful of her niece's meeting a lover, she scarcely permits her to be seen.

Fred. But I will see her—I am glad that her aunt locks her up, that I may convince her of my affection by setting her free—so—so, pray take this letter.

Mar. Not I—if you are certain of an interview, give it to her yourself—in the mean time I'll say what I can for you, because I think I should do my mistress a service by it—yet you'll find it difficult to deceive that invalid you saw just now; he is an attached old servant, and lost his arm endeavouring to preserve my lady's late husband, who was killed in battle, and when my master fell, you see—and I forgot—farewell!

Fred. But won't you tell me her name?

Mar. No—not I.

DUET—*Frederic and Maria.*

Fred. Tell me, you hussy, tell me truly?

Tell me the name of your lady, pray—

Mar. Lud, sir, I vow, you're quite unruly,
I'll call my mistress if you stay.

Fred. I'll kiss till you tell—you struggle vainly!

Mar. If you suppose a kiss will fright—
Believe me, while I tell you plainly,
You'll only have to stay all night.

Fred. Tell me, hussy, tell me truly,
Won't you tell me?

Mar. No!

Fred. If ever

Love found the way to that flinty heart,
You'd relent.

Mar. Who I? no never!

" Wise as you came you may depart.

Fred. Merry sounds the gold and silver chinking;
Listen to the music they can play.

Mar. Little looks the man, who meanly thinking,
For riches, a girl would her trust betray.

Fred. Glittering toys, rich silks, fine laces,
Spring from the magic of this purse.

Mar. Tattling maids will lose their places.

Fred. Then come to me.

Mar. Oh, that's much worse.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. LADY BRUMBACK'S APARTMENT.

Enter Sophia.

Sop. Dear, dear, how distressing it is to be forever confined. The birds that sing around my window are happier by far! their sprightly notes make me envy their liberty, and at night the mournful song of the nightingale adds to my melancholy.

SONG--*Sophia.*

Delightful freedom! by whose power,
Content we pass the fleeting hour,
From magic torches we may trace
'Thy influence o'er the mind, the face;

Whate'er the ills our lot befall,
Thou hast the skill to charm them all.
In vain, spring's vivid hues combine
To give the world a tint divine.

Depriv'd of thee, her colours fly
Unheeded by the captive eye—
Confinement poisons every joy,
Makes every earthly pleasure cloy;
While liberty enhances high,
Each bliss we boast beneath the sky.

Enter Maria.

Sop. Ah, Maria, what is to-day?

Mar. Monday

Sop. What a pity!—'twill be so long till Sunday again.

Mar. Sunday! Oh, what, you wish to go out?

Sop. Yes, I want to go to church.

Mar. So do most unmarried ladies—but I know a young gentleman whose devotions are equally fervent, and who thinks you so handsome——

Sop. I'm sure nobody thinks me handsome, but my aunt's sweetheart, old Baron Piffleberg, and he's afraid to tell me so in her presence.

Mar. But this young gentleman will tell you so, before all the world.

Sop. You joke, surely.

Mar. Upon my honour, no; he wants to marry you—besides, he's rich, and a Baron—he saw you at church, and he has been here to inquire your name—and when I told him I would speak of him to you, he was so delighted——

Sop. Was he indeed?

Mar. Yes, so delighted, that he gave me twenty kisses.

Sop. Um! that was no proof of his love to me.

Mar. May be not—but it was vastly pleasant for all that.

Sop. But how is this to end? we must soon leave this hotel.

Mar. Not so soon, perhaps—the romance between your aunt and the old Baron grows serious—in the mean time, you and the young Baron will—well, well, nobody knows what may happen—and when you are lady Willinhurst, I perhaps, shall marry the Baron's gentleman.

Sop. Yes—but in that case, the young Baron must not give you any more proofs of his affection for me.

Mar. Hush! your aunt is coming.

Enter Lady Brumbuck.

Lady B. Bless me, child, why you look as healthy and as red as a dairy maid.

Sop. I have slept well.

Lady B. But you should not sleep well—it does not become a young woman of fashion to sleep well. Heaven be praised, I never had the appearance of enjoying one healthy hour. But, go to your chamber, I expect company—no pouting—go, I tell you.

[exit Sophia.]

Maria, hasn't Baron Piffleberg been here yet?

Mar. He's gone a shooting, madam.

Lady B. Poor man—his distressed mind on my account keeps him from resting—he professes an affection for me—I must relent—yes Maria, I must have him—besides, I have a niece to provide for.

Mar. Your ladyship may soon rid yourself of the care of her.

Lady B. How so?

Mar. By giving her a husband.

Lady B. Ah, what! don't put such absurd ideas into her head, for heaven's sake.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Baron Piffleberg to wait on your ladyship.

Lady B. Show him in.

[exit waiter]

SCENE OF AGE TO-MORROW

Maria, retire—it would be indelicate to have a witness, of a tender interview.

Mar. Certainly, madam. Yours will be a tender interview with a witness, for all that.

[aside and exit.]

Enter Waiter and Baron Piffleberg.

Wait. The Baron, my lady. *[exit.]*

Baron P. Lady Brynback, good morrow!—havin't prung more beautiful game the whole season than your ladyship—I have been brushing away the dew this morning.

Lady B. Sweet pastoral idea! brushing away the dew! you are acquainted with the poets?

Baron P. No—I never keep low company.

Lady B. But only poetry—

Baron P. D——n Poetry! nothing like shooting and hunting—I never could make but one verse in my life, and that was thumping and dumpling! no, the chase for my money! found a fine fox yesterday—followed him up—clashed through the stream—gave the view halloo! yoicks: ran him into a farmer's yard—jumped into a well bucket—old fowler into the other—up and down they went, like a pair of balances; and poor Reynard was kill'd by the clodhoppers to save him from drowning—

Lady B. And this you call sport?

Baron P. To be sure I do, I've seen enough of it in my time to be a pretty good judge.

Song—Baron.

When, my very first day, to the field I had got,
I discover'd great natural parts, at a shot;
My spaniel had put up a snipe from a bog;
I miss'd it, I own—but I brought down the dog.

Down, derry, down

So keen, my first hunt, I brush'd over the grounds,
I decid'dly distanc'd the fox and the hounds;

And I leap'd my first hedge, with so earnest a mind,
That I left a fine gelding I rode on, behind?

Down, derry, down!

But time and experience have rendered me cool,
And I counsel young sportsmen to think of this rule—
When you go out a shooting, don't shoot your dog
' dead,

And, in riding a horse, don't fly over his head.

Down, derry, down.

Now, hear an old jocky his passion impart :
At your person I aim—and would fain hit your heart.
And for your estate, though with rapture I view it,
As affording good sport—yet I'll never *run through it*.

Down, derry, down

Baron P. I'm a plain talker, my lady ; but honest
and staunch as one of my own printers. Come, to-
morrow shall be the wedding, and next day, we'll off
full speed into the country—yoicks !

Lady B. Not so fast, Mr. Sportsman : there are yet,
sir, a thousand things to be considered.

Baron P. Nine hundred and ninety-nine too many.

Lady B. And a thousand little ways to be made use
of.

Baron P. I don't like little ways.

Lady B. For once, sir, I'll have my way—the hero-
ines of romance knew how to manage these affairs
with a proper degree of delicate eccentricity, and so
will I—let us meet to-night in the garden—at midnight
I shall expect you—here is the key.

Baron P. But why in the garden ?

Lady B. I shall never teach you refinement.

Baron P. No, not if I can help it.

Lady B. The sweet warbling nightingale.

[*aside.*

Baron P. Dont sing at present—

Lady B. The silver moon will light us through the cool shade.

Baron P. Then the almanack tells a d---d lie, the moon does not shine in it till next week, and the cool shade will give me the gout.

Lady B. A true lover is proof against all apprehensions.

Baron P. May be so—but if I haven't my natural rest at night, I an't worth a charge of powder and shot the next day.

Lady B. Your barbarous ideas are enough to annihilate a heart of the least susceptibility.

Baron P. Whew! I tell you what, my lady, if you keep doubling in this manner, I shall be thrown out.

Lady B. Unpolished animal!

Baron P. There a, am! now I'm an animal! come—I see how it is—I have been standing shilly-shally here, when I ought to—(attempts to kiss her—she screams.)

Enter Sophia and Maria.

Sop. Dear aunt, what's the matter?

Lady B. Show that unrefined wretch the door instantly.

Mar. Sure the young baron hasn't been boisterous?

Baron P. Young, d—n me, I'm as old and as tough as a badger. When shall I call again my lady?

Lady B. Never!—hence, monster!—out of my sight.

Baron P. Well, I brush then; and if I must quite lose sight of the game, I'll break cover myself, and run down to my country seat in a clivy—yoicks, yoicks! *[exit.]*

Lady B. Is he gone then, and without throwing himself at my feet?

Sop. If a lover of mine was to serve me so, I'd discharge him on the spot.

Lady B. You a lover, indeed! take care, child, a lover is a crafty being, that will take advantage of weakness.

Sop. Indeed!

Lady B. A lover is a second Proteus, he will incarnate himself in different shapes.

Enter Frederic, disguised as a hair-dresser.

Fred. I beg pardon—am I right?

Mar. Yes, and my lady is right. A lover comes in all shapes *(aside)*

Lady B. Whom do you look for, friend?

Fred. For the amiable and accomplished lady Brumback.

Lady B. I am lady Brumback.

Mar. Miss, tis—tis the young baron. *(used to Sophia)*

Sop. Dear, dear, how glad I am.

Lady B. Glad, who's glad! what's she glad of?

Mar. She's glad that lovers are so ingenious.

Lady B. She glad! but pray, sir, what is your business with lady Brumback?

Fred. I wish to have the honour of dressing your ladyship's hair.

Lady B. I have a hair-dresser already.

Fred. Your ladyship is incontestably right—you are engaged to as elegant a *friseur*—as ever stood behind a wig-block. Your engagement is to my master, Mr. Friz, who has met with a shocking accident, and sends me in his stead.

Lady B. An accident, young man;—pray what has happened?

Fred. I knew the elegant sympathetic inatability of your ladyship would be alarmed. My master, in the very act of running up stairs to my lady Betty Bobwig's dressing-room, with a pair of hot irons in one hand, and a patent perriwig in the other—steps awkward, and stair-case dark—tumbles over a damn'd baunister, and broke his leg.

Lady B. Poor fellow! Maria, bring me my powdering-gown—

(Maria places a chair, and helps her on with the gown. She sits—Fredric begins dressing her hair)

Have you been long in the profession ?

•*Fred.* I'll tell your ladyship.

Song—Frederic.

In France I attended the dames, and noblesse,
 And twisted their curls to the pink of the fashion,
 While many a beau, by my talent for dress,
 Took heart, through his head, to discover his passion ;
 Till the grand revolution defeated my jobs,
 Sat each head running round that the deuce could
 not stop it,
 So I left 'em, for fear their political nobbs,
 Might look after mine, and be tempted to crop it.

I travell'd to Holland, in hopes that Myneken
 Would permit me to mould, with some taste, his
 rough features ;——
 But the Dutch with their dams, gave me reason to fear,
 They would sooner be d—d, than look like human
 creatures——

In England awhile I attempted to stay,
 And business, at first, was so great 'twould amaze ye,
 But soon I left off, for the rage of the day
 Chang'd from powder, or crop, to *low comedy jazy*.

Now in Germany settled, your ladyship's slave,
 No part of my business is ever neglected ;
 I can chat with the ladies, look merry or grave,
 Or a *billet-doux* carry, where'er us directed.
 Half the world I have travers'd, and find to my cost,
 No matter to what stop, or clime one convey'd is—
 For time in all nations is only time lost,
 Unless 'tis expended in pleasing the ladies.

(*during which he keeps on powdering her head,
 she having a mask to keep off the powder—he
 slips a letter into Maria's hand,
 who conveys it to Sophia*

Lady B. You are partial to the ladies, then?

Fred. I adore them all; but forget them entirely in the company of so refined and accomplished a person as your ladyship.

Lady B. Maria, give me a glass—(*turns and observes Sophia reading*)—what's that?

Sop. This, ma'am—oh, this is—it is—a——

Mar. It's a paper——

Lady B. (*snatches it.*)

Fred. Why, sure it's the letter I had just now in my powdering-bag. (*takes it out of her hand.*)

Lady B. Letter—what letter?

Fred. I hope your ladyship won't betray me—it's a letter I was intrusted with to lady—lady Swap——

Lady B. Lady Swappendorff, I'll be sworn.

Fred. Your ladyship is right—she's married, you know.

Lady B. Married! she's divorced.

Fred. Oh, yes, of course—divorce follows marriage—as naturally as marriage follows courtship.

Lady B. I should like vastly to hear that letter.

Sop. And so should I.

Mar. There—my young lady would like to hear it—and I should I'm sure.

Fred. (*opening it.*) But I hope your ladyship will not betray me—as I should never have the honour of taking another lady by the hair of the head! (*reads, looking at Sophia.*)—"beautiful and adorable"—

Lady B. She beautiful! she squints abominably!

Fred. "My heart is yours forever"—

Sop. I'm sure she's vastly obliged to him.

Lady B. Silence, miss!

Fred. "When you were last at church under the care of your conceited old aunt"—

Lady B. The aunt is certainly old and conceited, and thinks herself as cunning as a fox!

Mar. Vain as a peacock!

Fred. And grey as a goose!

Lady B. Yes, every body knows that.

All. Yes, every body knows that. (*all laugh.*)

Lady B. Well, go on.

Fred. "Let us deceive the old woman"—

Lady B. That's easy enough done—she's the greatest fool in nature.

Fred. "While you fly to the arms of your ador-
er"—

Lady B. Well, I should like to see that vastly.

Mar. And I too.

Sop. And I of all things.

Mar. What would Miss Sophia say, if she was to receive such a letter?

Sop. I shou'dn't like to see my aunt made game of.

Fred. The lover would be rejected.

Sop. I didn't say that.

Lady B. Do you know the gallant.

Fred. Yes, madam, it is Frederic Baron Willin-
hurst.

Enter Friz.

Friz. I hope I haven't kept your ladyship waiting.

Lady B. Bless me, Mr. Friz! how came you abroad
so soon? how is your leg?

Friz. My leg, my lady! my leg's very well, thank
your ladyship.

Lady B. Why, you broke it over a bannister at lady
Betty Bobwig's.

Friz. No, my lady.

Fred. But you might have done it—I give you joy—
you come off with a sprain perhaps; and in conse-
quence of this sprain you sent me, you know.

Friz. No! I don't know any such thing!

Fred. Don't know any such thing! aye, you're in
your old way, I see—been taking a little drop too much
this morning! you know very well you sent me.

Friz. No, I don't!

Fred. I say you did!

Friz. No, I didn't!

Fred. You did!

Friz. No! I didn't—and while I have the use of my legs—I'll never send any body else but myself!

Lady B. Then this is not your journeyman?

Friz. He! no! he's an impostor!

Fred. My lady, don't believe him! not your journeyman! why, wasn't I regularly bound 'prentice to you. Didn't my poor old father pay the lord only knows what with me?

Friz. Why, how can you tell me such an abominable lie.

Fred. How! do you give me the lie?

Friz. Yes—you lie!

Fred. Nay then, the honour of the profession is concerned! and while I can hold a pair of tongs, no man shall give me the lie with impunity.

[Takes Friz by the nose with his tongs, forcing him off—Friz roaring. At the same moment the Baron enters astonished. Frederic returns.]

Baron P. Hoicks! what game's a-foot now? what is your ladyship about with this brace of hair-dressers?

Lady B. He's no hair-dresser—he's an impostor!

Baron P. An impostor! oh! a wolf in sheep's clothing, I take it.

Lady B. Yes—and if you had any gallantry you'd punish his presumption.

Baron P. Punish him! halloa! bring me my double-barrelled gun; and to oblige you, my lady, I'll shoot him on the spot.

Fred. What! you'll shoot me?

Baron P. Yes, dam'me, I'll shoot you.

Fred. You will?

Baron P. Yes, I will.

Fred. Then, dam'me, you shan't want powder!

*Throws a handful of powder into the
Baron's face—kisses his hand to
Sophia, and runs off.*

Lady B. Oh! the forward hussy! I see clearly now
thank heaven, my eyes are open!

Baron P. Are they? I wish mine were! so, so, miss,
you're a fine chuck pheasant, aren't you—*(aside)*—per-
haps, after all, he came to the old woman—must
quarrel with her fortune! well! my lady, I've been
thinking—damn the powder—that as you say, garden
walks by moonlight—it has got down my throat—are
quite proper for us young lovers, and if my doubts of
this powder-monkey were removed—

Lady B. Doubts! can you have any doubts of me!
exit in a huff.

TRIO—*Baron, Maria and Sophia.*

Baron. 'Tis a lover retain'd in my place,

Mar. Would you dare thus my fame to disgrace?

Sop. & } Grant ye pow'rs, he may make his escape

Baron. } 'Tis a lover retain'd in my place.

All.

Love how tormenting,

Never contenting,

Always preventing

What we desire.

May he retreat again,

Soon may we meet again,

Kisses so sweet again

Though he's so far

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A HALL.

Enter Maria and Molkus, smoking.

Mar. I was just wishing for you—I wanted—

Mol. Vat you vant? eh!

Mar. To bid you good day.

Mol. Dat all you vant.

Mar. That all? why then I wish you a bad day, as bad as that which made an invalid of you.

Mol. Aha! dat was a day of honour.

Mar. My lady desires you to wait here.

Enter Lady Brumbach and Sophja.

Lady B. Molkus, I am going out—if, during my absence, any impertinent fellow should come here, or speak with this girl, turn him out of the door.

Mol. Aha, vy not at de window.

Lady B. Just as you like—keep guard here—and let no one enter, or either of the girls out, till I return.

Mol. *(sitting between them and the door,)* Aha! I am a grand sentinel, I shall ~~not~~ ^[exit.] fall asleep on my post.

Mar. You don't think of asking whether we like tobacco. ^[smokes.]

Mol. For vat I ask? you never ask if I like the woman shattering.

Mar. *(to Sophja.)* I'm sure your lover is'nt far off. How shall we get this blockhead out of the way?

Sop. My dear Molkus--I'm quite concerned for you.

Mol. For vat you concern?

Sop. You sit so directly in the air of the door.

Mar. I'm sure you'll catch cold--and an old soldier--

Sint. De old soldier will not fear de cold--nor de woman--nor de tevil take him from his duty.

Sop. How inflexibly honest! you deserve to be immortaliz'd, and your picture drawn in the very position you are now.

Mol. Aha! I look noble frame and glaze!

Mar. Yes, and I should like to have the hanging on myself. [aside.]

Sop. Dear Molkus, let me just step into the balcony.

Mol. It is not in my order.

Sop. 'Tis all in vain, I'll leave him to you.

[exit.]

Mol. 'Tis not in my order.

Mar. No--nor is it in your order to smoke before my young lady. [strikes down his pipe.]

Mol. No--nor is it in your order to break my pipe.

Mar. In other nations they are more polite, and when I was on my travels--

Mol. Aha! a chambermaid travel, up stairs and down-stairs. Vere de tevil you travel?

Mar. Yes, sir--I have travelled into Spain, Italy and England.

SONG *Maria.*

Spanish Air

In Spain I have been where all travellers tell us,
The ladies are kind and the gentlemen jealous,
Where time is still pass'd by the haughty Hidalgo
In sleeping siestas, and dancing fandangoes.

Italian Air.

In Italy's climes the signora and signoras,
Exist on bravissimo's, caro's, ancora's,
And there little Cupid with harmony blending,
Breathes out his soft sighs in a song never ending.

English Air.

In England where beef, trade and pudding the rage is,
And commerce with idleness war ever wages,
John Bull's whole delight is to help a poor neighbour;
And sings while dividing the fruits of his labour.

[*exit.**A knocking.*

Mol. Who is dere—make de noise upon de knocker?

Frederic (without.)

Fred. An invalid, who would speak with honest
Hans Molkus.

Mol. Aha! de invalid; I come.

[*opens the door.*

*Enter Frederick, disguised as an invalid, his left arm
concealed, his face patched.*

Fred. Ah! friend Molkus, you didn't know me at
first, but I knew you'd recollect me.

Mol. I have not yet recollect.

Fred. No! what not recollect Hannibal Mustachio
Whiskerisky, of the Slavonian sharp shooters? when
we served together in the year sixty-one, at the siege
of the town of—

Mol. Sixty-one—it must be the siege of the dam
town in Bohemia, dere!

Fred. Your regiment lay on the left.

Mol. De left—dat is not right.

Fred. Right—no, all soldiers know the left is
right.

Mol. After all it was left

Fred. The enemy made a sally over the devil's bridge.

Mol. De tevil bridge—aha! I perceive you have been dere.

Fred. There! fire and smoke—I was there when we marched up to a windmill, as it might be there, (*charging with his stick towards the door*) and cried to the enemy, come out of your hiding place.

Mol. I do not remember dat windmill, and dere is de woman in dat apartment.

Fred. To be sure—women and windmills are just the same you know—run round with the weather, and make a great noise; sooner than encounter the tongues of women I'd lose my other arm.

Mol. Your oder? aha! vere have you lost dis?

Fred. I haven't lost this—but the other lies near the valley of Slakenhausen.

Mol. Slakenhausen? aha! dat is vere I have left my arm.

Fred. No doubt they lie hand-in-hand, so let us drink to our absent friends.

[*Takes out a flask of wine.*]

Mol. Yes, ve vill drink. (*drinks.*) Your vine is goot—it makes me remember de great Frederic.

Fred. Does it—then drink again and you'll never forget him—for my part, I'd rather fight three battles on land, than be once drown'd at sea.

Mol. Dat sea must be devilish wet. [*drinks.*]

Fred. Yes, comrade, and always drunk—but come, you don't drink—come, we'll drink to the memory of our old campaigns.

DUET—*Frederic and Molkus.*

Fred. When we took the field, old Frederic led the van.

Mol. When he gave the word, we follow'd to a man

Fred. Then, comrade, don't you know, where we met the foe,

How we charged them on the plain,

Mol. Up the hill and down again.

Fred. Through camps and lines, defiles and works,
Christian soldiers fought like Turks,
At Bender, Prague, and at Belgrade; eh, com-
rade, don't you know?

Both. When we took the field, &c.

Fred. Come then toss the cann! may soldiers and
their wives,

Mol. When war yields to peace, at home lead happy
lives,

German, Briton, Russian, Pole,

Fred. Men who never turned their backs,

Both. Come then toss the cann, &c.

Fred. Here's to every great commander,

Mol. Julius Caesar, Alexander,

Fred. Who in all ages, rude and civil.

Mol. Did not fear to fight the devil.

Both. Come, then, toss the cann, &c.

[*During the symphonies, they march backwards
and forwards, shouldering their sticks—
at the end Frederic bursts open
the door.*

Enter Sophia and Maria.

Sop. For heaven's sake, what's the matter?

Fred. Hist! 'tis I, Frederic, your lover!

Mar. going up to Markus.) Who is that rude fel-
low?

(*Sophia and Frederic converse in dumb show.*)

Mol. He is no rude fellow, he is my comrade—
(*drinks.*) we served together at the siege of Schwid-
nitz.

Sop. Consider how I am guarded.

[*aside to Frederic*

Mol. Dere de pandour—dere de croat--

J. Fred. (*aside to Sophia*) Spite of them all, if you consent, and will but meet me this evening, I'll have a change.

Mar. Pray, Mr. Molkus, what is a pandour?

Mol. A pandour is a tevil of a fellow—if he do meet a pretty girl will kiss. (*stuggers to kiss Maria, she slips under his arm.*)

Fred. Thus let me seal your promise

[kisses Sophia]

Mol. Eh! Vat is my comrade do?

Fred. Drink, drink—the day's our own—victoria!

Lady Brunback without.

Lady B. I shall not want the carriage again.

Sop. Heavens! 'tis my aunt.

Fred. Where shall I hide!

Mol. Huzza! de old general is come!

[takes a candle from the table, and exit.]

Fred. Is that window high?

Sop. A single story—when all is quiet, return again.

Fred. Adieu! I'll soon return. (*getting out of the window,*) I came in like Mars and go out like Mercury. (*leaps down.*)

Re-enter Molkus, lighting in Lady Brunback.

(Molkus sees Fredric leap)

Lady B. Hey dey? what is the matter? the moment my back is turn'd—

Mol. Yes—ven de cat is out, de little mouse vill run about. (*puts the candle on the table, and stuggers to the window,*) But I must look for my comrade. (*howling at the window.*) Halloa! Mustac no Whiskerisk! vere de tevil you gone? halloa! comrade, comrade.

[exit.]

Lady B. How came you out of your room?

Mrs. We heard the carriage stop, and came to meet you, my lady.

Lady B. Well, you may both retire to bed—for my part, as it's a fine star-light night, I shall indulge a little in my favourite study of astronomy

Mar. You had better not stay, for you see the man's very drunk, and he may return and do you a mischief.

Lady B. Poh, poh!

Mar. (*going with a candle.*) Well, ma'am, if he should, you can scream pretty loud, you know.

[*exunt Sophia—Maria lighting her.*]

Lady B. 'Tis near the time of assignation—oh! Piffleberg! Piffleberg! how my heart beats at thy approach; what awful sensations! the taper twinkles, I will to the garden.

(*turns from the window.*)

Frederic appears at the window.

For here I could almost fancy some horrid form of specter'd hue approached my casement, and with a hollow voice it uttered—

Fred. (*climbing up,*) Soh, so! this is hard work.

Lady B. Merciful powers!

Fred. If ever a Baron was more in love than I, he must climb pretty high.

Lady B. It must be Piffleberg—how truly romantic!

Lady Brumback approaches with the light, sees Fred-eric, and screams out.

Murder! thieves!

Frederic blows out the light and makes for the door, at the same moment.

Enter Molkus, with a light.

(*Lady Brumback falls into a chair.*)

Mol. Vat de tevil, comrade, vere you have been for your arm?

Enter Maria.

Mar. For heaven's sake, what's the matter now my lady?

Fred. Madam—I—what shall I say?

Mar. Say you are the Baron's son, and follow me as soon as you can.

(*aside to Frederic*)

[*exit.*]

Lady B. Who and what are you, sir?

Fred. Madam, if you would permit me a moment's conversation without a witness—

Lady B. Do you think I would trust myself alone with you? Molkus leave the room instantly.

Mol. But tell me, comrade, vere you have got your arm.

Lady B. Put down the candle, and wait within call.

Mol. (*puts the candle on the table,*) If I could find my arm, I would jump out de window too. (*going.*) I did not care I broke my neck, so I could find my oder arm.

Lady B. And now, sir, how is it, that when I expected Baron Piffleberg, I find you in his place?

Fred. Oh, madam, hearing that you were to be united to that near relation—

Lady B. Your relation!

Fred. The Baron is my father—I am the son of a female domestic—he deserted my mother, left me to the wide world, and now disowns me, who am come to intreat your influence in my behalf—reduced to service as a mercenary trooper—I have traversed the world, till hearing of your humanity, benevolence, and beauty—

Lady B. But why did you come in at the window?

Fred. Because I knew my father was coming in at the door.

Lady B. But you spoke of love.

Fred. That was the love of your ladyship's chambermaid, who acquainted me with your ladyship's virtue, was my adviser.

Lady B. Indeed. I think I hear the Baron coming.

Fred. My father is obstinate, and should he see me, he might even deny—

Lady B. Wretch! but I'll convince him—he's here.

Enter Baron.

Baron P. Upon my soul, my lady, I'm out of all patience; I have been waiting in the garden this half hour.

Lady B. Welcome, sir Baron. Do you know this youth?

Baron P. Me? no—may I miss my next shot, if ever I saw him before.

Fred. (*Throwing himself at the Baron's feet,*) Alas! my father, listen to the voice of nature—behold in me your son—your unfortunate, devoted son.

Baron P. D——n me, this fellow is as mad as a March hare.

Fred. Your cruelty will make me so—but hear him, my lady, he disclaims me—me—the son of his housekeeper, who disinterestedly took care of his laundry and kitchen—he seeks my life, and he shall be gratified—for e'er to-morrow's sun shall shine, my body shall be found in the fish pond at the bottom of his garden, a dreadful example of illicit love, and a warning to all incontinent housekeepers.

[Exit.

Lady B. And will you suffer him to go?

Baron P. Go—he may go the devil if he likes! he's mad, and his keeper will come to look for him presently.

Lady B. His keeper! your housekeeper you mean.

Baron P. Why, powder and flints! he that has no child, can be no father.

Lady B. My maid knows him to be your son.

Enter Maria.

How dare you let young men in at the window?

Mar. I, my lady!

Lady B. Come, tell me, how you came to know him for Baron Piffleberg's son, and I'll forgive you.

Mar. Then he has confessed to your ladyship?

Lady B. Yes—the Baron denies, and I am referred to you.

Mar. Oh, my lady, the young man is certainly the Baron's son.

Baron P. The devil he is! fire and shot! where are your proofs?

SCENE II. OF AGE TO-MORROW

Mar. Oh, my lady, and for proof, we have the most convincing—his mother is a distant relation of mine.

Lady B. Relation of yours! what's her name?

Mar. Her name is Al-

Baron P. Almutz! d— me, I believe you're all muzz!

Mar. And she is this moment below stairs, waiting for me to introduce her.

Lady B. Then bring her in immediately.

Mar. Oh, you terrible old man. [exit.]

Baron P. Steel traps and spring guns! 'tis all a conspiracy! a whole patch of falsehoods are let loose upon me, and you expect excellent sport, no doubt—but it won't do.

Lady B. No passion, Baron, a repentant confession might have induced forgiveness—seducing wretch!

Baron P. Whew! d— in me, you're all mad—and if I say my better I shall be mad too—I suppose here comes another mad one.

Enter Frederic as an old woman--Maria following.

Fred. Where is he? where is he? you shall not fly me cruel as you are (endeavouring to embrace the Baron, who runs from him,) pardon, madam the intrusion of an unfortunate woman, and pity the weakness of too susceptible and generous nature—but the Baron's cruelty to me, and barbarity to his son, who have both treated him with tenderness and respect—

[Faints into a chair, Maria assists—Frederic again attempts to embrace the Baron, who avoids him.]

Baron P. Holloa! send for a constable; I'll have you so punished—

Lady B. Cruel man! fear not Mrs Almutz. *Maria,* show your friend into the next room.

Mar. Come, Mrs Almutz.

Fred. May you be happy, though I never can—may no insinuating Baron rob you of your dearest treasure—

Destroy the draught your jealousy would sip,
And dash the cup of comfort from your lip.
(Exit Fred. and Mar.)

Baron P. That's no woman, my lady—that's an impostor—d-----n me, I smok'd the boots.

Lady B. Baron, our intercourse is at an end—it's too evident—but it's a judgment upon me!

Baron P. Now, I think it's a judgment upon me, to leave my warm bed, to a cholic-catching in a garden.

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. O, my lady——

Lady B. What's the matter?

Mar. The lady in the next room has run away.

Lady B. So much the better.

Mar. Yes, but that's not all—she has taken my young lady along with her.

Baron P. The devil she is.

Lady B. Which way did they go?

Mar. Why, my lady, the moment she got into the next room, she soon convinced me she was no lady!

Baron P. There, I told you of the boots.

Mar. For she caught my young lady in her arms, and she cried out, but you would not hear, and then I gave a very loud screaming, but you would not come—so then, my lady, they both held me fast down in a chair, while they run down the back stairs.

Baron P. Come, that's a good one—so they both held you down in a chair, whilst they run down the back stairs—you won't mend that.

Lady B. Oh, I'm outwitted, tricked out of my fortune. Help me, Baron, to get at them, and I will give half of it to whoever will produce the run-a-way.

Enter Frederic in his own habit, with Sophia.

Fred. Frederic, Baron Willenhurst, claims your promise, though the conditions are rather hard.

Lady B. Hard?——

Fred. Yes, to take her with half a fortune, when I don't want any. She refused to run away without your consent, so gave us your authority, and you may take her fortune and Baron Piffleberg into the bargain.

FINALE.

Sop. From what our trifling scenes convey
This lesson you may borrow,
The grief or bliss unborn to-day,
May be of Age To-morrow

Chorus. From what our, &c.

Baron. My lady, come, the lover bless,
Let mirth alone presiding,
Each honest face in dimples dress,
Officious care deriding.

Chorus. My lady come, &c

